In This Issue

VOLUME 153 September 18, 1929 NUMBER 3

Looking Forward 83

Frontispiece: New York's Financial Center 84
An Etching by LOUIS RUYL

Articles

Wall Street Branches Out 85
By CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

Were They Insane? 90
By ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

Stretchers—You're in the Army Now! 92
First Installment
By FREDERICK A. POTTLE

Europe's "Man of Mystery" . . 97
By T. R. YBARRA

Bored at Four 106
By SARA J. WARDEL

Financial Article 108
The Recent Market—Bull or Bear?
By CARLTON A. SHIVELY

The Trend of Events

Mary Dugan" in Charlotte . . 98
The Shearer Case 98
Meeting a Need 98
Jail, James" 99
Dr. Work's Successor 99
At Geneva 99
World Court's Prospects . . . 100
Under the Surface 100
Connecticut Idyl 101
Wings Over England 101
Whither the Mode? 101
Whither Beauty? 102
Rights of "Extrality" 102
Done Again 102
Psychology Works Upward . . 103
Country Slums 103
Remarkable Remarks 103
In Brief 103
Back Stage in Washington . . 104

Editorial

The Future of Man 105
By ALES HRDLICKA

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books 109
Edited By FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS
Reviews by THE EDITOR, MARY SHIRLEY, E. M. BENSON, J. DANA TASKER

Picked at Random 111
By WALTER R. BROOKS

Politics vs. Economics in Recent Books 112
By JOHN CARTER

The Theatre 114
By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

The Movies 115
By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

From the Life 116
By IBBY HALL

With Our Readers 118

EDITORS

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY
MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS
JOHN T. HACKETT
HENRY F. PRINGLE
PARKHURST WHITNEY

ASSOCIATES

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT
WALTER R. BROOKS
HELEN CHANDLER
HAROLD T. PULSIFER
FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The Outlook and Independent is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, September 18, 1929. Volume 153, Number 3. Published weekly by The Outlook Company, at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Robert H. Woods; Sec'y, Harold T. Pulsifer. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the Outlook Company.

Looking Forward

WE ARE ENTERING, this week, the third year of our directorship of the destinies of this journal. During that time, we have made many enemies—in most of whom we delight—lost some old acquaintances (whom we regret), and made many new friends.

AT VARIOUS TIMES we have been accused of magnificent wickednesses. Specifically, we have been charged with being subsidized by Tammany Hall, by the Catholic Church, by the Radicals, by the liquor interests, by Wall Street. We have even been accused of lowering the Great American Moral Tone.

GRADUALLY, nevertheless, it has become too apparent to be denied, that in reality we are merely just what we say we are—a liberal journal devoted to inquiring into, interpreting and recording the complex life of this generation of mankind: in the interest of better, happier and more intelligent lives.

THE NUMBER of our readers who appreciate this has nearly doubled in these two years. Many of our old subscribers have heartily enjoyed the adventure together. Some of the rest have found the pleasure derived from our virtues enough to compensate for the pain caused by our faults. Others have genuinely disapproved and parted company with us.

AS WE GO TO PRESS comes a letter, renewing his subscription, from Judge Lindsey of Denver. "I want to congratulate you upon the fine work you are doing through The Outlook. In recent months, it has been rapidly taking its place with the very finest liberal magazines of this country and now practically heads the list. I do not see how any one who wants to think and who wants to get real joy out of the adventure of living, and knowing something of what it's all about, can afford to do without The Outlook."

IT IS OUR HOPE and earnest intention to deserve such an encomium during the coming year.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

NEW YORK'S FINANCIAL CENTER
Looking up Broad Street towards the Sub-Treasury
An etching by Louis Ruyl

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook
and Independent

September 18, 1929

Wall Street Branches Out

Or Ticker Tape Highways

By CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

The butcher, the baker—and even the push-cart peddler are participating in the "new Wall Street." One person out of every four or five in the country is eagerly watching the stock ticker. Even the tabloid newspapers, supposedly edited for those who find pictures easier to understand than reading matter, now carry market quotations and give advice on speculation. The bond salesmen are supplementing their dwindling incomes with stock operations. All this is a phenomenon of the most extraordinary market in history. Mr. Murphy, a former member of the New York "World" staff here sets forth—with the objective pen of a reporter—what is going on

OW quickly indeed do we lose the feverish faiths and passions of ır fathers. The memory of ıe average American is short, ıd shorter still the span of his ɔnscience. In this it would em he differs quite sensibly om the elephant. His capacy for sustained hatred is very ·rgely modified by its imıediate convenience.

We glance at Wall Street. t was only a few years ago—ithin the life times of middleged men—that Wall Street, a spicy lend of robust individuals, was a target ɔr the nation's most virulent oratorical ıarp-shooters.

Were the Balkans to steam a bit, ıeasles to break out in Kansas, a bank r two to close in North Carolina, a ıoderate scarcity of money to develop, nd at once the stalwart and often selfppointed paladins of public conscience oised their lances and charged, dilectically, into the little winding street ıat runs off Broadway.

Wall Street! Festering place of our ational ailments, breeding place of astardly, but legal skullduggery. 'here dwelt the Morgans, the Goulds, he Carnegies, huge, bloated figures vith dollar signs on their waistcoats and vidows' scalps on their belts.

By reason of the scorching, quasiegendary prejudices accumulated by ll respectable people north of Fulton Street and west to the Golden Gate, Vall Street stood for a good part of vhat was detestable upon the American financial scene; and the men who moved there were carnivores of the more loathsome sort.

But that was yesterday, as the horse car, the corset and the stocking bank were yesterday. Wall Street then was just Wall Street—a darksome alley at the foot of Trinity Church, in whose beneficent shadow millionaires scuttled railroads, the government, the public when they could, and occasionally other millionaires.

Today Wall Street is the nation and Main Street is more Wall Street than Wall Street ever was—or probably ever will be. Wall Street is a state of mind; 20,000,000 men and women—investors and speculators—are its corporeal being; and the chattering tape that runs under the glass domes of 12,000 tickers, up hill and down dale, are its hypersensitive nervous system.

Tchkt, tchkt, tchkt . . . the tape spurts endlessly and inexhaustibly into the tall waste basket; and in Harlem, Bangor, Denver, San Diego and Atlanta, men hang breathlessly over the story it tells, and lustfully or bitterly decode its personal meaning.

Here, surely, is something that none of the old buccaneers, who regarded the public as a necessary — but avoidable—evil, ever dared predict. Indeed, one may count on the fingers of his hand the few authoritative men who predicted it ten years ago. And there are still men in Wall Street—brokers and bankers—who must from time to time pinch themselves to restore the conviction.

But the transition is here, and has been for five years. The public is in Wall Street, and Wall Street is in the public. And this merging of personalities has produced the most spectacular thing that this nation—or the world—has ever witnessed.

PROSPERITY is the match-maker that inspired this mating which, twenty years ago, would have been damned as miscegenation. When the World War ended, you and I and our neighbor heard considerable talk about this singular quality. It seemed to be something intrinsically American. It stood for money in the pocket—in the bank. And we were determined to have some part of it.

So we put what eggs we had in our basket and went to Wall Street where we put them up as margin for exciting expectancies called stocks. Bonds seemed so dreadfully old-fashioned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bolder people followed. Industry waxed fat, dividends fell like over-ripe fruit from towering industries, and stocks boomed.

In the thrill of winning—and the envy of seeing friends winning—we were like the Scotchman who won his first bet at the race track. How long, indeed, has this been going on?

Powerful brokerage houses which for decades had confined themselves to the larger cities on the Atlantic seaboard opened branch offices in Pawtucket, Houston, Emporia, Kansas City, wherever there was money for the market. And brokerage houses grew in inland cities the population of which once distrusted even the savings banks. And if these brokerage houses were too poor to buy membership on the exchanges themselves, they tied up with firms privileged to deal there.

On December 15, 1866, the New York Stock Exchange had its first million-share day. For years after its volume fluctuated between four and five hundred thousand shares a day. In 1927 the Federal Reserve's low rediscount rate, 3½ per cent, close to the lowest level reached since the War, lent impetus to the market. On August 16, 1928, for the first time in its history, the Stock Exchange had its long-awaited 5,000,000-share day.

Now even that record is ancient history. A few days ago the head of one of the most conservative brokerage houses in New York told me that a return to the old levels would have to be regarded as a national calamity.

As he talked, I became aware of a singular disquiet in the attitude of the bootblack shining his shoes. His eyes hungered after the tape rustling behind his shoulders. Finally he could control himself no longer. He grabbed the tape.

"Are you interested in the market?" I asked, amazed.

"Me and me brudda," he answered ecstatically, "we gotta da Steel."

In Paris a banker announces that America, because it controls the world's wealth, must become the center of world culture, its opulent patron. In Texas, an oil man, recouping $25,000,000 that Wall Street took away from him five years ago, serves notice he is through with the market forever. And one of my friends, a bond salesman with an income of $4,000 a year, buys a new straight eight with the profits he makes in common stocks.

The invariably oblique-minded Bishop Cannon, in pleasing contrast to his prohibition peccadilloes, produces a masterful apologia in defense of buying on margin, as singular a document as has ever come from one of the cloth, one which, historically, must be to Wall Street what Newman's *Apologia pro vita sua* was to Catholicism.

And hard upon the Cannon tract, though hardly inspired by it, the Federal Reserve Board, after repeatedly yelling "wolf," lifted the rediscount rate from 5 per cent to 6. The move was to choke off speculation—to deflect credit's center of gravity from the red-hot crucible of speculation to Mr. Hoover's poor farmers. In the previous two years, brokers' borrowings h doubled, and boosted, by the end July, to $7,473,000,000.

The punitive measure succeeded f a day. Stocks dumped in a hurry, a frenzy were repurchased again t days later. Bears took flight. the third week of August, broker loans advanced from $133,000,000 $6,085,000,000, well above old high And stocks rebounded to new altitude

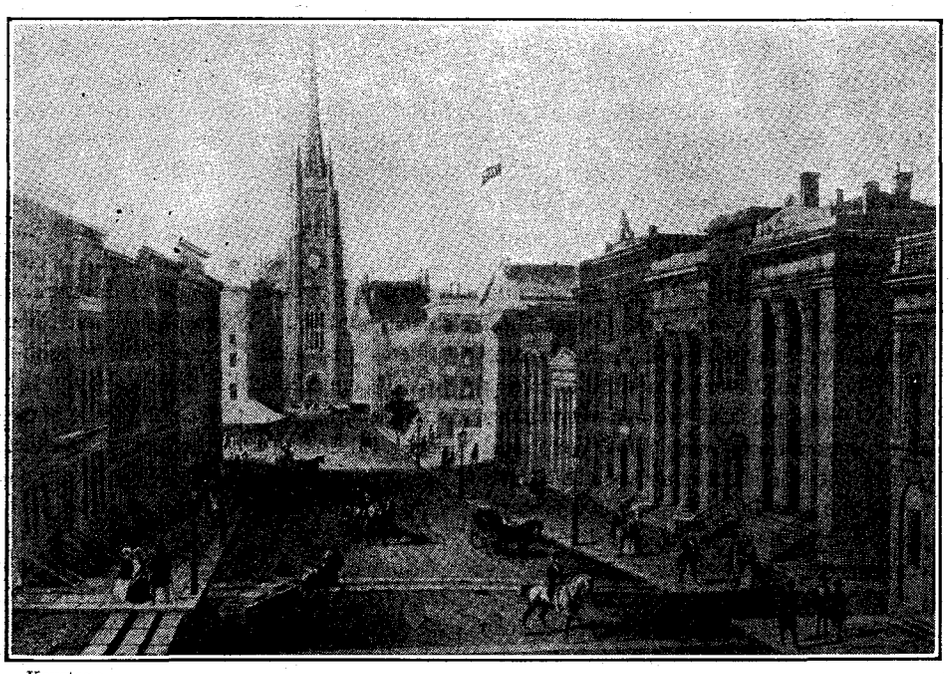
Did the nation applaud this span ing of profligate Wall Street? Hardl From one end of the country the other roared the perhaps re sonable cry that the Federal R serve was a silly reactionary pla ing politics; that the Stock E change had as much right to the n tion's credit reserves as Peoria. The was a popular ring to the cry. T boosted rates hadn't hit the financie alone. They had hit about one in s of us. Twenty million people, wi Bishop Cannon with them, heart a soul, can't always be wrong.

IF ONE REALLY needed proof of t enormous participation of the publ in the stock market, there is no end the statistics that may be conjured u Let us contemplate the physical me bership of the Stock Exchange itsel In 1895, out of the 112 branch offic which its 1,100 members then mai tained, only sixty-seven were outsi New York City. By the end of 192 these out-of-town branches had i creased to 966. At this writing th number well over a thousand.

Nor are they restricted to the su posedly more speculative East. Not all. Go anywhere in the country, lo east or west, and you will observ wherever there is a city of respectab proportions, there is at least one broke age house privileged to deal, by dire membership or affiliation, on the floo of the great exchanges of Chicago a New York.

Pennsylvania has 599 New Yo Stock Exchange bond and stock ticke Illinois has 428, Virginia has 46, Oh has 155, Oklahoma has 15, Texas h 38, California has 155, and Michiga with 110, has only 59 less than Mass chusetts, which has always been a ne door neighbor of the Stock Market.

An enormous intricate system of co munication binds up these scattered el ments into a cohesive machine keyed the tick of the instant. Thousands direct wires link these brokerage hous to the floor of the Exchange in New Yor



Keystone

Wall Street in 1859

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A few minutes after a man in San Francisco asks his broker to buy 100 shares of General Motors the order is executed at the post on the New York Stock Exchange. And a few seconds later—if the ticker is abreast of business—Bishop Cannon (I can't easily escape identifying him, for he is a handy symbol of the new attitude toward Wall Street) may be leading the sale in North Carolina.

On a 5,000,000-share day on the Big Board, nearly $200,000,000 worth of buying and selling pulses through these steel highways. This is not the total business. Merely the 30 per cent that the citizenry removed from Wall Street contributes to the day's volume as a rule.

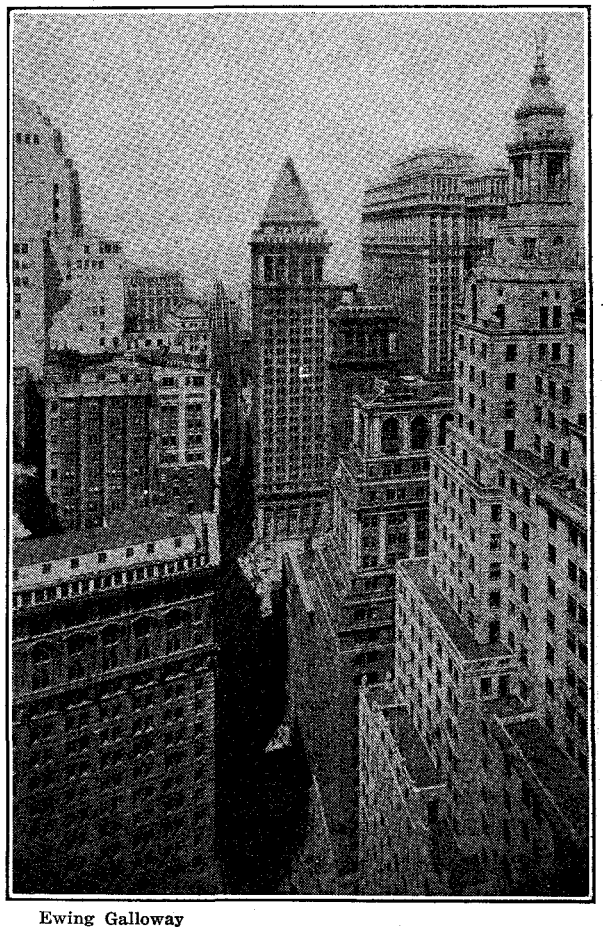
By itself this fact impresses as to the extent of Wall Street's quiet penetration into the hinterland. The Wall Street brokerage house of fifteen years ago whose out-of-town business averaged 15 per cent was unusual. Today there are a number of great houses in Wall Street whose wire business—that is to say, their out-of-town business—makes up the bulk of its orders.

Improved communications have provided a high speed channel for the country's inspired speculative hopes.

The growth of the "odd lot" business is another remarkable phase of this flowering. Time was when the more elegant houses in the financial district contemplated with faint distaste such poor men's dabbling. But nowadays the nicest houses cultivate them. They comprise about 40 per cent of the Stock Exchange's daily business.

Speaking broadly, "odd lots" mean the public. It is a device of vicarious trade by means of which the rest of us, who can't afford to purchase the lowest unit of trade—100 shares—allowed on the Exchange, are enabled to buy and sell in fractions. Theoretically, there is no such thing as an "odd lot" transaction. The ticker tape never records one.

But actually these "odd lots" are the most vigorous single element in the great bull market. Their combined buying and selling power is Niagric; beside it, the resources of the colorful traders who once dominated the market stand dwarfed. "Odd lots" mean that Mr. and Mrs. Jones are in Wall Street.



Ewing Galloway

Wall Street Today

Three great houses on Wall Street concentrate on filling these "odd lot" demands alone. These houses are dealers to the millions, they are their key to Wall Street.

When Tom, Dick and Harry go to their brokers to buy 10-25-50 shares of Prosperity, common, their brokers notify their men on the floor, who seek out the "odd lot" specialist in these shares. These 10-25-50 share units build into hundreds, then into thousands, then into hundreds of thousands of shares. At the end of 5,000,000-share day, these isolated "odd lots," blended in the turnover in multiples of 100, may mean 2,000,000 shares of that total.

That deeply is the public involved in the stock market. And the persons behind these staggering digits are laundrymen in San Francisco, mechanics in Detroit, push cart peddlers in New York, widows in Boston, and millions like them.

It is a most expensive kind of trading, this "odd lot" transaction. Since the "odd lot" houses are dealers, not brokers, being principals in the trade, they cannot charge a commission. But they levy a charge of a quarter or an eighth of a point above (when you buy) or below (when you sell) the market.

To that sum the broker tacks on a fixed charging, many of them now being committed to a minimum of from $2 to $5 a share. And if you buy on margin the bank from which the broker borrows money with which to finance the trade adds an extra one per cent of interest to the prevailing rate because of the inconvenience of handling these split lots.

With the high money rates that have been prevailing lately, these added costs have handicapped small traders at least a point before they actually started. The same deductions confront them when they sell. So they are, theoretically, spotting the market about 2 points from the very start.

Not long ago the head of one of the swankier brokerage houses, whose wealthy customers normally traded in hundreds of shares, recently asked one of his clerks why he did not close out the account of Mr. X. For months X had been troubling them with ten-share orders. Such trifling orders, protested the broker, were an infernal nuisance. If X wanted to gamble, he said, let him use the penny-in-the-slot machine.

But he swiftly changed his mind when the clerk showed him that Mr. X owned twenty-five such lots, and that his total commissions during the month had cost him $1,250!

"Has he been able to survive those deductions?" I asked.

"He is a bit ahead of the game, as a matter of fact. You see, he and the rest of the public is inherently bullish. They are willing to accept these handicaps.

Not even the lifting of marginal deposits from ten points to thirty points per par value share has diminished the public's activity. The professionals are bearish. The public never.

"The higher the market goes, the deeper the public is in it." He reached for his customers' book. Just after the last debacle, the number of customers fell off to barely 140. Now, in the midst of August's great surge, the total had grown to nearly 500.

The extent of the public's participation has placed a terrific load on the over-worked ticker, which was never designed to shoulder such a burden. The ticker is fast. Not long ago it was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fastest news courier in the world. But marvelous mechanism that it is, it is not quite fast enough for its job.

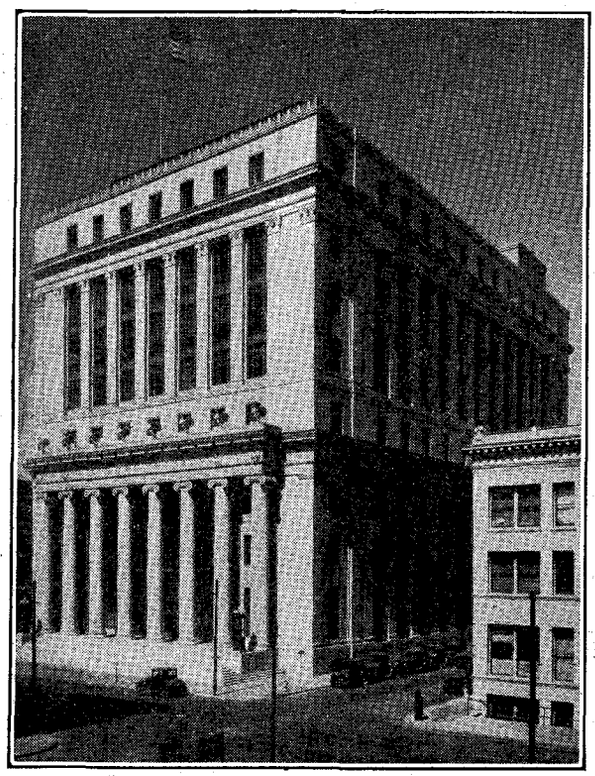
The function of the Stock Exchange is two-fold: (1) to provide a trading place for stocks and bonds and (2) to announce the factors of these sales—quickly, at once. The one is as important as the other, for they are internally dependent. In its first function, the Exchange is more than holding its own. In the second, however, it is increasingly hard pressed.

Every minute, between the trading hours of 10 o'clock and 3 o'clock, some forty or fifty trades are made. In the bowels of the Exchange, a mass of machinery—cogs, belts, wheels and levers—as intricate as that of a Leviathan, is geared to drive the thousands of tickers below Fulton Street. And to drive the tickers beyond this frontier, a still greater assemblage of machinery is operated by the Western Union.

The ticker must be on time. Vancouver must get word of the trade as soon as Miami, Tulsa as soon as Boston. But the ticker is in a traffic jam. The most heroic entrenchments have failed to keep it abreast of trade. Characters have been shorn to cabalistic symbols. The sale of 100 shares of Steel, which used to read on the tape 100 US 112, now reads X 112; Anaconda has dwindled from Anc. to C., General Motors from GMO to GM, and others have been equally slaughtered. And during the great surges, volume was dropped from the tape altogether, until it caught up with trade.

Fractions of seconds were penuriously scrimped. Electrical impulses to relay points were accelerated; one one-thousandth of a second was saved there in the transmission of a character; 400 new characters were added to the ticker's daily capacity. By such devices was the ticker's output boosted from 235 characters a minute to 296. Still trade moves faster. It is a rare day, now, that the ticker is not four minutes behind the market; and on one grievous day it lagged 100 minutes. A corrective, however, is promised. The Exchange is now experimenting with a new ticker—a marvelously fast machine capable of producing 900 characters a minute. This means tearing out all the old machinery, costly stuff. Nevertheless, the change seems to be economically worth-while. Time is at a premium in the stock market, nowhere more so.

All this has had a most striking influence upon the country's press. From the doubtful prestige of being "too technical" for the average reader's mind, financial news has risen—or fallen—to the persuasive estate of being front page news, when, as and if issued. Ten years ago the financial department of even the greatest newspapers consisted of an editor, two or three assistants, and two or three pages of paper. Now it is one of the strongest departments on the editorial staff. Ten to fifteen pages of solid financial news is the ordinary thing for the *New York Times*. And the trucks of the afternoon newspapers, whose placarded sides once blazened the promise of the snappiest race track summaries, the best features, now clamor for attention for their "latest and most complete financial reports." The greatest appeal of the leading Hearst newspaper in New York City is the contended excellence of its financial pages, to whose columns contribute some of the highest-paid financial brains in the country. Even more bewildering is what has taken place within the wire services, which serve the country at large. Five years ago, the Associated Press gave the country's editors 500 words of a general lead on the stock market and a few dull briefs, and they were satisfied. The daily output has since reached 10,000 words, and it still continues to grow.



Ewing Galloway

The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco

Less than five years ago even the large cities in the interior printed only the low, high, and final quotations of leading stocks. Such summaries meant little, simply served as a sop to the inconspicuous percentage of readers who must know such things. Now even the suburban editors are demanding volume and net changes, and the larger editors have managed to get a special wire service with the "latest leads" on conditions on the Curb and Exchange. One wire alone of the A.P.'s magnificently operated West Wire service chatters on things financial all day long.

Since the beginning of 1929, the United Press has thrice revamped its financial news system in quest of greater speed. Two years ago a single Morse wire, with a capacity of thirty words a minute, provided member newspapers with all the financial news they wanted. Most of them wanted only Curb and bond reports. Local brokers provided them with what news they wanted of affairs at the Big Board.

These days, however, a high speed automatic double-trunk channel, with an output of 12 words a minute, is hard put to fill demands and new vehicles will step up the volume. A San Francisco newspaper which never printed any financial news save a general half column summary on the markets, now requires three wires to accommodate its need. And all over the country, even in the smaller cities, editors have increased the space devoted to financial news to columns and pages.

Editors have said—and it is credible—that the public's awakened interest in markets has changed the complexion of the entire daily news report. Since her affairs impinge directly upon our national prosperity, Europe has become a more vital element in the news. Stories of European politics, crops, budgets and whatnot, which not long ago would have speedily found their way to the editor's commodious wastebasket, are welcomed now with palpitating head lines and inexhaustible space. And the most technical reports on credit mergers, stock distributions, soluble only to experts, plow into the public prints.

It does seem rather far-fetched

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though, to believe that the public as a whole either cares or understands a great deal about these technical elements which in their inner harmony or discord affect the whole structure of world financial equilibrium. Most of it is too oblique. Where in it, we ask, lies the granule that may dislocate the scale plans balancing United Ironing Board common? No, most of us have neither the knowledge nor the patience to determine such things. We have an authority more personal, more comprehensive. It is, on the whole, instinct, "hunch," if you prefer it, and "red hot tips."

The desire to make money is not limited to minds trained in making it. The easier money can be made, and the more quickly, the better it attracts the public. Just now the most fabulous money-making machine in the country seems to be the stock market; so the public has enthusiastically gone shopping there.

Savings banks have been not a little alarmed by this migration. Money that once remained in their vaults, soberly gathering 3½ and 4 per cent interest, has now gone adventuring among common stocks, where dividends may be just expectancy, but where the greatest lure is the chance of selling out at twenty points profit. More than a billion dollars of deposits flowed out of the country's national banks during the last fiscal year, and the authorities ascribed the withdrawals to investment and speculation by the middle class.

Down on the lower East Side, where the residents recognize no international problems save Grover Whalen's minor incursions with patrol, the stock market has opened a new door to El Dorado. There are push cart peddlers who appoint an agent, chip in $15 or $20 each, and buy two or three shares of General Motors or U. S. Steel. Dividends are rigidly split, and the profits of sale divided perhaps ten ways.

A New York publisher, who made millions by getting in on the ground floor of America's self-discovered concern with sex, seems to have tapped another latent reservoir of desire by bringing out a daily tabloid devoted exclusively to financial news. Its price is three times that of any other afternoon newspaper. But its circulation is booming.

For months, a morning tabloid, the *New York Daily News,* has been featuring a financial writer whose function is avowedly that of tipster. He has made the stock market as colorful—more so—as the race track. He is its Walter Winchell.

"Dupont is a corker . . . there's at least 40 points in it if bought at the market.—Stick with the Standards of N. Y. and N. J. . . . For a high-flyer, Eastman Kodak can't be surpassed. . . . Natural Dairy Products are about ready to go . . .

"Buy Montgomery Ward and reap a substantial profit by August 26. . . . The Market Goose hangs high as Brokers' Loans dip. . . . U. S. Freight is to have a swirl upward. . . . The rails never looked better. . . . Don't go to bed tonight without having some American and Foreign Power in your strong box. . . . "

And so on, day after day. Not being concerned with such things, I have never attempted to calculate the success of this anonymous artist. Some experts who have followed him say his predictions have averaged 6 per cent correct. Others fix the percentage considerably lower. But all of them agree he has been immeasurably assisted by the great Bull Market. Within the past three months—May 27 to August 27—100 representative industrial and railroad stocks have risen on an average of $28 per share, according to the *New York Herald Tribune's* recapitulator.

When the market sagged in the face of his bullishness, the tipster saw in it a good portent—"a corrective reaction," which he likened to a dose of castor oil. His rival newspaper writers simply smiled. They are wondering how he will fare when he must try to pick winners in a falling market.

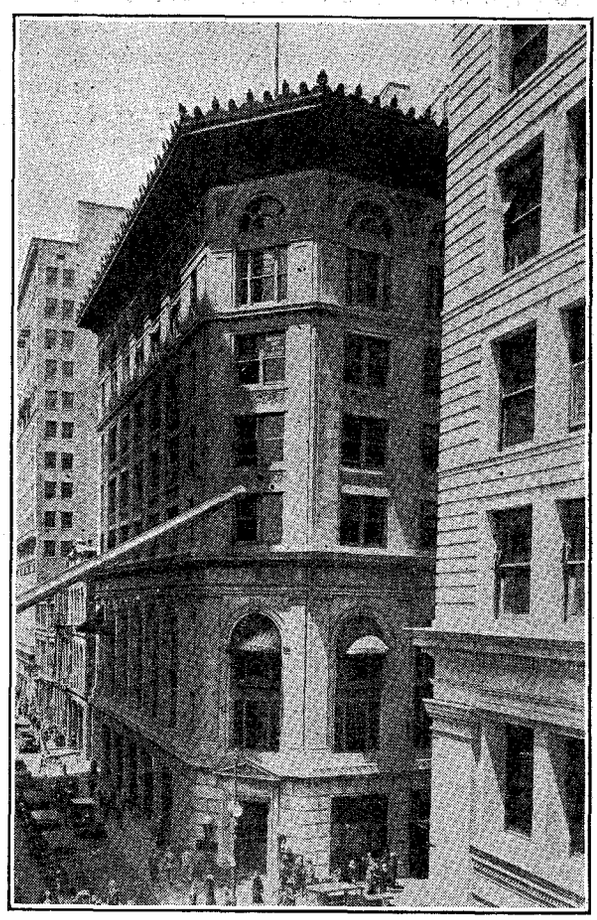
Another and fascinating phenomenon has arisen on the American scene. I refer to the investment trusts. People too timid to risk their own judgment and money in the stock market can now buy brains to invest and speculate for them. At this writing there are more than 450 investment trusts in the market, with a total capital of three billion dollars; nearly 300 of these gigantic groups have an average capital of $2,500,000.

Here, then, is our old friend, the public, in the market stalls in still newer dress. Seven years ago, there was only one such company in the market, and it took it three years to peddle its $250,000 worth of shares. A few weeks ago, an investment trust, capitalized at $100,000,000, had its total stocks over-subscribed many times. These companies, of course, invest in corporations, and the extent of their new influence and activity can be judged, perhaps, by the recent prediction that an investment trust for investment trusts will soon be formed.

It is impossible to calculate the precise boundaries of their manipulations, since many of these trusts do not disclose their holdings. But there presence in the market is always felt. The frequent appearance of big blocks on the tape, the relative number of inactive stocks and the small increase in brokers' loans after a broad advance in stocks, attest to their activity.

In one sense, these trusts are the public's own defense against itself. These trusts act as great cushions against the market's shocks. When matters started to go to pot a few weeks ago, it is said, many of these trusts pegged the crumpling leaders by throwing

(Please Turn to Page 112)



Ewing Galloway

The New Orleans Cotton Exchange

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Were They Insane?

By ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

There is, for example, the case of Sophy who is probably destined to shoot her husband. Is she insane now? Will she be so a decade hence? Mrs. Wembridge, who is attached to the juvenile court of Cleveland, Ohio, confesses that she does not know. Human classifications "are not clean-cut," and yet they must somehow be worked out

WHENEVER the defense attorneys come to the point where the alienist is called in to prove the defendant insane, the public smiles a sardonic smile. They know what will happen. Three eminent psychiatrists will testify that the accused was insane at the time that the crime was committed. Three equally substantial experts will testify that the evidence is insufficient to prove that such was the case. The public continues to smile, and remarks—"To think that men earn their living by that kind of nonsense—" only the word used is Bunk instead of Nonsense.

As one in the less consequential field of juvenile delinquency, who has often been asked similar questions relative to the mental and emotional state of young offenders, let me say a few words in defense of the maligned alienists who apparently can never agree upon the witness stand. Not all of them are crooks, perjurers, or even fools. But their testimony suffers from the fact that human behavior cannot yet be divided into acids or alkalis, fish, flesh or fowl, like the phenomena of the more objective sciences. Human classifications are not clean-cut. We accept this limitation in physical hygiene—why not in mental?

For instance: Is Annie sick or well? Annie works in the five-and-ten. She works rather listlessly, it is true. But still she draws the minimum pay and manages to keep about. Our acquaintance with Annie lasted over a year and a half. During this interval we found that she had chronic appendicitis (which was treated), astigmatism (for which she was given glasses), carious teeth (for which she submitted to a dental siege), abscessed tonsils (which were removed). She suffered from malnutrition (for which she was put on a diet), from incipient tuberculosis (for which she was sent to camp), from broken arches (for which she was given orthopedic shoes and a different job), and from a congenital infection (for which she received weekly treatments). Supposing that her friends had been put upon the witness stand and the prosecutor had thundered at them—"Is Annie sick or well?" what should we have said? I should probably have hedged and answered, "It depends—" "No depends—no dodging—I ask the simple question was Annie sick or well? Did she earn her living? Was she an invalid? Did she conduct herself like other girls? Was she normal?" Two equally conscientious friends of Annie would doubtless give diametrically opposite opinions. One would have said Annie was well, supported herself after a fashion, conducted herself like other girls of her type, was out of bed, and drew her pay envelope. Another would insist that she was sick, in the sense that she had almost everything the matter with her, held her job more or less on suffrance, conducted herself only like other girls as frail as herself, and had no physical resistance or stamina whatever. Neither would be lying—yet which would be right? Both? Was Annie both sick and well?

WHAT SHALL I answer to the question —Can Nick Kevalski read? Yes. Nick can read some big print, in short sentences, about simple concrete things. No. He cannot read and understand his insurance policy, his mortgage, his divorce papers, his court affidavit, or the qualifications of the candidate he is voting for. Nick can read—and Nick cannot read. Both are true.

Suppose the prosecutor asks me—"Can you swim?" What shall I say? Yes, if you mean in a smooth pool, with no breakers, no commotion, not too long a stretch, nor too much water in my mouth, and with no one bothering me. No, if you mean in a ship wreck, in rough water, in a capsized canoe, or if I am to save as much as a kitten from destruction. Yes—in a narrow and limited sense. No—in the sense of being of the slightest good to myself or any one else in a crisis.

It is in this fashion that our cases are both responsible and irresponsible; normal and abnormal; competent, but entirely incompetent to face the world without restraint.

A strange girl wandered into my office and immediately fell upon her knees sighing—"It was not his fault—it was not his fault—it was his eyes—those crossed eyes—in Paris—and those eyes—do not blame him—call the ambassador—" and so on. It did not need an alienist to decide that she needed to be taken to the psycopathic ward. The janitor could have told that much.

But Sophy was not so simple. Sophy was a confirmed runaway. She ran away from friend and foe alike. And she usually ran to some destination far less agreeable than the one she was already in. If she had been placed in a playground, she ran away to the city dump. If she was given a bed to sleep in with her friends, she ran away and slept in the cemetery with prowling cats. If given games to play with, she found a pistol and sat upon the railroad tracks and shot it off—not always in the air, but sometimes at the trains. She talked rationally of her escapades, and explained that she did not care to work but felt "restless," which was undoubtedly true. Such was Sophy at fifteen—and at seventeen she is the same. It is easy to label her as a constitutionally inferior psychopath. She probably is all of that. But *how* inferior is she? And *how* psychopathic? And how much of both will she be when she is twenty-one, thirty-one and forty if she lives that long?

SHE CERTAINLY is not improving. And since I confidently expect that some husband is eventually destined to be shot by her, I should like to make up my mind as to her sanity before I may be asked upon the witness stand!

We have had considerable difficulty in placing Emma. The main trouble is that whichever of her parents has her the other wants her (thru spite or thru affection) and both fly to the court with bitter complaints. Emma had heard nothing but their quarrels since her infancy. And let me emphasize that when Emma's parents quarrel—they quarrel Cold print can not reproduce them. They require a loud speaker.

Emma's mother begins: "He said so —he said that thing—he did. I'll swear it on my mother's grave. He put her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the street without one clean dress."

The father interrupts—"You say that? You lie! I tell you that when she came to me she had not only no clean dress but only a torn coat—a coat I would not give to a beggar—"

"Her coat torn, you liar! There were no tears but what you put there. I got her three dresses and a pair of shoes—her feet were on the pavement. I have the receipts to prove I bought them—See—see—you beast—if you are not blind—" her voice rises to a shriek as she waves the receipts.

"I can prove that Emma never saw those dresses—I can prove"—and as he reaches her with both arms upraised, his wife starts to scratch and his daughter to howl. A large policeman shoves them into their chairs and we begin again. Now both of these parents are sober. They are under the influence of no drugs. Both have been through eight grades of school. Both have earned their livings and the father still does. But neither can speak without screaming. Their allegations against each other are rambling and disturbed. The father inevitably breaks into sobs and the mother into hysterical laughter. Emma is ground between the upper and the nether mill-stone, and she laughs and howls in sympathy. I ask Solomon himself—are these people sane or insane? If during their incessant battles one of them hurls a knife that hits its target, will it be wilful murder, or a maniacal act?

I STILL REMEMBER Pauline (nor am I likely to forget her) whose eccentricity took the form of forging checks, or writing them on unknown banks. She was a college freshman of moderate standing, and fair appearance. But when I knew her, she was starting on her second thousand dollars obtained by her own method of finance.

She got hold of blank checks, wrote in the name of some bank that sounded reasonable, (such as the Midland City, or the Haymarket Exchange,) and cashed small amounts, mainly to give to florists for bouquets to some heroine of the moment. If a Salvation Army singer caught her fancy —$5.50 on the Tenth St. Bank, of Oshkosh—and the lovely stranger was presented with a box of violets or a corsage. Perhaps there is a Tenth St. Bank in Oshkosh. Who knows? Pauline was always ready to take a chance. And so were the numerous small merchants, the various friends, and even the several banks which cashed her checks.

I never dispatched myself on more of a fool's errand than when I set out to locate the Third National Bank, in a town where Pauline had one of her mythical deposits. It was a town I knew fairly well, and so graphic was Pauline's description of the bank's location, the arrangements of doors and desks, the names of the tellers and cashier, that I took an afternoon to visit them. When I arrived, I found a building, but it was not a bank. Desks, but not where Pauline had placed them. Some names that she had given, but names that were not in this building, but in other buildings in the locality. And altho none of the men whom she had quoted knew her, some whom she had not quoted did. I wandered through a haze of confused and fantastic memories with about the same relation to Pauline's experience that Coleridge's Kubla Khan bears to the books he had been reading, just before he wrote it. Pauline explained that she always remembered a bank when she wrote a check on it! She said that she always saw it as plainly as any banks that we agreed existed. Psycho-analyse her as you will. Assert that she was merely trying to fabricate an explanation for behavior that could not be excused. The fact remains that a college woman of normal intelligence was persistently putting herself in court, in jail, and making no effort to keep from the penitentiary—for what? To send trinkets and bouquets to women who did not want them. Is that normal? If not insane—and give it any label that you choose—what practically shall be done with Pauline? Is there any niche in a normal cosmos which she can fill?

GEORGE, also an aspiring student, had periods of wandering into department stores and stuffing his pockets with many duplicates of the same article; usually those for which he had no use. He was a lonely soul, with the ocean between him and his mother. The things he stole, such as pairs of women's gloves, neckties, and small cakes of soap, she might perhaps have used if he had sent them to her, but he never did. In fact he did nothing with them but hand them back again and bury his head in his hands. It would seem absurd to label this bookish and ambitious boy insane. He supported himself, and bothered no one except a sales girl from time to time, by stuffing his pockets with her wares. And yet when one saw him mortgaging his future and his happiness for the sake of some fancy silk gloves he could not use, it hardly looked like sanity. I got to know George pretty well, and he called upon me recently in a new overcoat which was bought, not stolen, and said that he had kept out of trouble for some time. But he never allowed himself to get too near a counter with fancy trifles on it. George is safe in a hardware store, and in a meat market. But he agrees not to trust himself at the glove counter. "Nothing to it," said the officer—"just another kleptomaniac." But how much of a maniac is a kleptomaniac? George knew the trimmings did not belong to him. He was no fool. But yet he took them. And then sat in jail with his head in his hands and wondered why. Sometimes they indulge in temper fits that only their guardian angel saves from ending in murder or suicide.

ARE THEY sane or insane? Can they swim? Yes. They can swim when their social pool is absolutely smooth, no breakers, no storms, no other swimmers to collide with them, no wreckage to avoid, and above all no responsibility to look out for any one else. But how many citizens can earn their livings, marry, raise children and grow old without encountering ripples in the pool or even storms? Some emergency must arise, and when it does, the unstable swimmer becomes confused, unruly, and eventually he sinks. The answer is, therefore—No. He could not swim.

It is a somewhat grim duty to watch pass before me the doors of violence of the next ten and twenty years and foresee their future, as in a crystal. There are the girls and their boy friends who are to shoot their husbands, stab their wives, and desert their children. If checks are to be forged, automobiles stolen, and trains derailed, here are the hands that will do it, and the eyes that will watch it done. They have not done it yet—for they are swimming in comparatively calm pools. But the breakers are ahead and they cannot swim through them. There are no places to put them. Scant time to study or treat them. Hospitals do not want them. Employers will not have them. The courts are weary of them. No one ought to marry them (but plenty of people will), and some day they will pass from delinquency to felony,—and we shall be asked—Were they insane? And when we are asked—What shall we say?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stretchers

You're in the Army Now!

By FREDERICK A. POTTLE

The doughboy, the flier, the ambulance driver, all have told their version of the World War. Here for the first time, so far as the editors know, is war as seen by the man in the hospital service. The author's outfit was in France but a short time when it was rushed into action behind the shambles of Belleau Woods; from then until the Armistice it took part in all major operations of the A.E.F. The evacuation hospital is a clearing house between the field dressing station and the base hospital. It is the place where the majority of wounded receive their first definitive surgical treatment. During a big battle it is one of the busiest services in the army. This and subsequent chapters are from a forthcoming book "Stretchers." The present installment deals with enlistment and recruit days. Mr. Pottle is now an instructor at Yale

FOR the majority of its members, the history of Evacuation Eight begins with memories of Fort Slocum. The original company included men from all the states east of the Mississippi, and some few farther west, but by far the greater portion came from the North Atlantic states. Evacuation Eight, therefore, showed from the first unusual homogeneity of experience. Our starting from Fort Slocum was in itself symbolic, for Slocum was the northern depot for voluntary enlistments, and every man of the original company was a volunteer. In our early days we were perhaps too proud of the plain "U.S." collar buttons which denoted our status, and used to flaunt them (as we hoped, cruelly) before all the newly arrived companies of drafted men. But when our numbers had been swelled by recruits from the National Army, the National Guard, and, finally, by old-timers who were in the army before the War, such distinctions became meaningless, and we laid them aside long before the official order abolished them. At the very beginning, however, our consciousness of being volunteers was most important in developing an unusually strong *esprit de corps*.

Fort Slocum at the end of 1917 had not forgotten that it was a pre-War regular-army post, and still maintained the Spartan atmosphere and methods which the new camps had found it safe to discard. A recruit going through Slocum at any time would have found his initiation into the army trying, but in December of our first year in the War the experience was little less than a nightmare. Late in November, 1917, an unexpected avalanche of enlistments had overwhelmed the post. Thousands of men were hastening to make voluntary enlistment before the new draft law went into operation. From recruiting stations all over New England and the Atlantic states they poured in in such numbers as to cause a really serious problem of housing. Slocum had a new experience, that of seeing men standing in line begging, of their own free will, to be taken into the army. They stood there for days, in a line that could actually be measured in miles. Fort Slocum is on a small island in Long Island Sound, with limited barrack room. Moreover, the system demanded that new men should not be admitted to barracks until they had gone through the machine. The hordes that could not be cared for were consequently dumped in the nearest city on the mainland, New Rochelle, to find such accommodations as they could. The citizens of New Rochelle met the emergency in a way that won the undying gratitude of thousands of disheartened boys. They took us into their homes, converted churches and other public buildings into dormitories, and provided food freely and generously. Though we all hated Fort Slocum, we usually tempered our invectives with a word of affection for New Rochelle.

IT IS HARD to imagine how the conditions under which we entered the army could have been made more cheerless and disheartening. Most of us were young, and had come to this experience with absurdly high and romantic ideals. We had left home in the holiday season, many of us for the first time in our lives. Under such circumstances the stoutest of heart would have felt homesick, even though surrounded by kindness and consideration. And to all this was added the most acute coldness of weather. Fort Slocum, being on an exposed island, would be at best bleak in winter. But the winter of 1917-18 was one of the severest in the history of the post. The salt water of the harbor froze solid, and temperatures of fifteen below zero, accompanied by wind and blizzard, were common. The new barracks were flimsy structures of wood, with floors high above the ground, the space underneath being entirely open for the wind to howl in. The air within might be somewhat tempered by stoves, but those dreadful floors were always of the temperature of ice.

There is a sickening finality about enlistment, an extinguishing of one's own personality as definite as through suicide. As one looks back now, those months in the army seem only an episode, but to the man just entering them, with no assurance whether it will be for a space or forever, the vista of hopeless days before him is appalling. To this is added an indescribable sense of degradation. Those who have been through an unusually brutal hazing in college know something about it, but not much, for the college crowd, with all its brutality and obscenity, is still a picked crowd. The army is anything but a picked crowd. It is the great general average of a nation, a state which men speak of with unction, but fortunately seldom experience. Ordinary human intercourse moves upon a higher level of culture and reticence than we ordinarily realize. To come unawares upon the frank grossness, the filth and depravity, the moral meanness of man, is at any time a disheartening experience; but to go through the experience in Slocum was the refinement of misery. Of course, we were all to blame. In common misery men might be kind to one another, but at Slocum we were absurdly hard-boiled. We believed that every other man we saw was old and hard and wise in iniquity, and in self-defense pretended that we too were above doing a decent act, or speaking a decent word. What surprises we had when we later found our Apache companions to be, like ourselves, students, clerks, druggists, and respectable artisans!

Generalities have no power to recall to the imagination the impressions of such experiences. Let us rather review

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The authentic record of one man of these thousands, in the hope that it will be typical. He came late, after the worst of the rush was over. It was, indeed, Christmas Day (of all days in the year!) when he arrived in New Rochelle and went down to the landing with a few other recruits to wait for the launch from the island. In the train coming down he had felt like other people; here the many men in uniform seemed exotic, interesting because unusual. Here he is keenly conscious that his civilian attire marks him as a "rooky," an outsider, a being worthy of contempt and ridicule. His clothes had formerly suited him well enough, but now they have suddenly become conspicuous and offensive. Few men—four, in fact—are going through on Christmas Day. The weather is cold, bleak, and cheerless; every one sneers and glowers. On the pier is a toilet room full of broken glass and the stench of whisky. . . . On the other bank he stands a moment, looking back. He is still free to go, but he knows that now he is really as much in the army as though he had already donned a uniform. In crossing that little stretch of bitter icy water he has made an irrevocable decision. Before him are days, months, perhaps years, of a new and terrifying existence, of separation from family, home, from accustomed routine of life and the career which had begun to shape itself. How long will it be? There comes over him a sickening conviction that it will be a long time, and he wonders painfully why he ever chose to do it.

But the little band is moving, and he must move with it. It is a relief to be freed from such reflection, to follow the guide blindly, without thought, while the new scenes flash through his mind in disjointed and unharmonized sequence. They tramp along the road which winds up from the water to the buildings. A shivering gray squirrel comes bounding over the frozen ground, begging for peanuts. They pass a placard with something on it about the Young Men's Hebrew Association. A heavy two-wheeled cart filled with refuse lumbers to meet them; behind, two sullen, dirty men in blue denim overalls, their haggard faces unshaven for a week, shuffle along with ashamed, downcast eyes, glancing furtively sideways. Behind them, cleanly shaven and trimly erect, march two other men in fitted uniforms, rifles on shoulder and bayonets fixed. An electric thrill passes through the little group of recruits. Prisoners! Convicts from the guardhouse! They get out of the way, entirely off the road, to give the prisoners plenty of room. These heavily guarded men, they fancy, must be ruffians of national repute, certainly capable of homicide. It will be only a day or two before they learn that those prisoners, with their furtive looks, their unshaven faces, their crushed self-respect, are only lonesome boys like themselves, and that their terrible crime consisted in overstaying their home leave a few hours.

The recruits follow along the drive-

Keystone

FREDERICK A. POTTLE

way, past permanent heavy buildings of brick. Around one building sentries with fixed bayonets pace; there are bars on the windows through which men call insultingly to the newcomers. This is the guardhouse. At Slocum even the prisoners sneer at the recruit. Nearly at the end of the row is the main administration building, the hopper of the machine into which all the recruits must be fed. There will be, it seems, no examination this Christmas Day; the men are only registered and told to report the next morning. The registration would be funny if one were not himself being registered. In the days just past, when the queues of recruits stretched entirely across the island, an ingenious device of branding had been invented for keeping the men properly in line. The four men now are lined up and the routine solemnly carried out, though they are all directly under the eyes of the registering sergeant and his assistants. Our man is marked on the hand with a large "4" in iodine; this is to show the examiners that his place in the line is fourth. He sees the transfer of the papers which hand his body over to the keeping of the Government. There is an irregularity about them which puzzles the sergeant, but which he thinks he understands. His timid remark of explanation is utterly ignored. After some minutes the sergeant manages to arrive independently at the same conclusion. Our friend is assigned temporarily to a barrack and told that, as it is Christmas, he will be left to himself for the remainder of the day. He picks up his suitcase and hunts up the barrack. It is empty and deserted save for one other white man and two Negroes. A large detachment has just been sent south, and, as many men are home on leave, the camp is somewhat depleted. There is no fire in the stove; the two-tier bunks seem to his civilian sensibilities to be dangerously dirty, and he hardly dares to select a bed for fear he will be taking one already appropriated. He is cold and lonesome and sick at heart.

A bugle blows for mess, one of the few army calls he has heard before. He follows the white man and the Negroes in the direction of the bugle. The big general mess hall on the top of the hill is being besieged by men. They have formed a double line, stretching back several hundred yards, laughing, jostling, clashing their mess kits, jeering at the rooky as he parades past with flaming cheeks and downcast eyes. At last he reaches the end of the line, but in a moment so many more men have come that the end is now the middle. He essays a word to his neighbor, who is in civilian clothes, and gets a grateful look. The line moves faster than one would expect. It passes by jerks up a flight of broad steps, through a wide door. Inside are row upon row of long tables, with men rushing about everywhere to find seats. In this mess one does not file past the counter, cafeteria style, to get his food; instead, the food is put on the tables in large boilers and one shouts and grabs for it. Our recruit finds a seat at last—at the very end of the table. Men on both sides are ravenously grabbing for this and that, shouting and eating at the same time, frankly without manners. Manners are a thing of the past. He finally manages to amass on his plate a collection from the various viands that fill the boilers. It is, he is informed, a special dinner. It sickens him. A

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lump is in his throat; he does not want anything to eat. He manages to cram down a few mouthfuls, but with grave misgivings. Dinner is over. The men are rushing out a rear entrance with their greasy dishes. He follows. Behind the mess hall are great rectangular tubs of water, through which steam passes, or is supposed to pass; one scrapes his dishes over a garbage can, and then washes them in the tub. Many of the men have too obviously neglected to scrape their plates. Hunks of chicken and potato float in the tepid water, which already begins to resemble in consistency the contents of the boilers from which he has just been served.

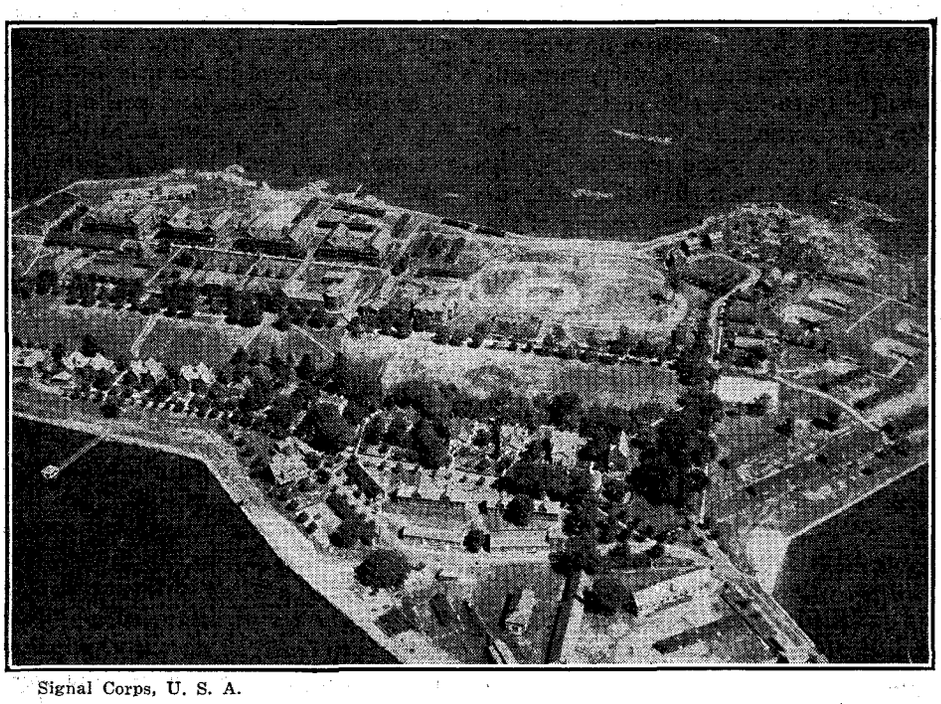
He knows no place to go except the barrack, dirty, deserted, unbearably cold. He writes a letter home in assumed high spirits, the numbness of his fingers cutting it short. From the end of the barrack he hears the voices of two men in conversation and sees light shining through the crack of a door. He goes thither, and with some hesitation opens the door. He finds himself in a small orderly-room, with two or three neat bunks, cheerful with light, and warm with the heat of a stove. Two uniformed men, noncoms, are chatting. They speak no word to the man in civilian clothes. They do not order him to go, but he is not welcomed. He wonders whether he is infringing upon military etiquette. The conversation goes on, a flow of obscene reminiscence. "An' I said to that nigger wench in Atlanta, honey——" He essays a timid remark. No one answers him. The situation becomes intolerable. He retreats back into the chill and dirt.

Where, he wonders, can everybody be? He has heard of the Y.M.C.A. building. It may be they are there. He inquires his way and soon is inside the "Y." Ah! The first lifting of the heart for many dreary hours. Here is light, warmth, decency, civilization. Men sit quietly at long tables writing letters; others play games and chat and smoke. Men here are kind to each other, but one has disquieting experiences. At the desk, as he comes in, he sees a stern gray-haired matron with a pile of khaki-bound New Testaments. He thinks, somewhat sentimentally, that it would be a good thing to have a New Testament; perhaps in the army there may be time to read it. He asks for one. It is handed over, with a query "Are you a Christian?" He is fixed by the stern eyes. "Are you a Christian?" He mumbles something about being a church member. "That does not prove anything at all. Is your heart right with Jesus?" The lady is hard and vulgar and unlovely. He carries back to his bench the New Testament, which he is sorry he asked for, and goes futilely over in his mind the smart replies which he might have made.

Supper is a repetition of dinner, but the food seems, if anything, more distasteful. From his messmates he hears that the Red Cross is to give a Christmas entertainment for every one in the drill hall. He goes, expecting little, but is pleasurably surprised. The entertainment is jovial, well meant, some of it excellent. And afterwards Christmas packages are given out—to everyone. He is incredulous. A package for him? Yes, from the Red Cross for him and five thousand other soldiers. The package is generous in size; it contains fruit, candy, playing cards, writing materials, and tobacco. He does not smoke but resolves to learn the habit at once in order to show his gratitude to the kind people who provided the package. Their names are inside. Jewish names apparently, residents of New York City. He writes a grateful letter in his cold and dimly lighted barrack. It is midnight; he undresses, shivering, and puts on his pajamas, conscious of the covert smiles of the Negroes. After that night he will sleep in his underwear for eighteen months.

The next morning he reports for the dreaded examination. It turns out not to be so dreadful after all. The examiners, though in uniform, are kindly. He suddenly realizes that, in spite of their shoulder bars, they are only doctors. The assistants are not at all so pleasant. They are newly enlisted men like himself, detailed for this service day after day. On the days of the great rush they have learned to work like machines; now they keep up their high pressure technique with this absurd line of four going through. The examination is not all in one place but in several buildings, upstairs and downstairs. He sits waiting on a bench in a corridor. Then the routine begins; men push you from table to table, from room to room. Teeth, ears, and eyes are examined in a large, square, sunny room on the first floor. Then upstairs for finger prints and papers. Men crush his fingers on a glass plate smeared with printers' ink and then thump them on paper. He is shown a glass dish of clear liquid to wash off the ink. He thrusts in his fingers trustfully; it is kerosene, and he stands grinning ruefully, shaking his fingers with nothing to dry them on. Then the more trying ordeal of heart, lungs, and feet. He strips naked in a large, cold, drafty room, and hops around the circuit of the walls, first on one foot, then on the other. He stops before the appraising scrutiny of an officer with a stethoscope. "Raise your arms over your head." "Bend over." He flinches as the cold eye searches his nakedness, recording his scars and moles.

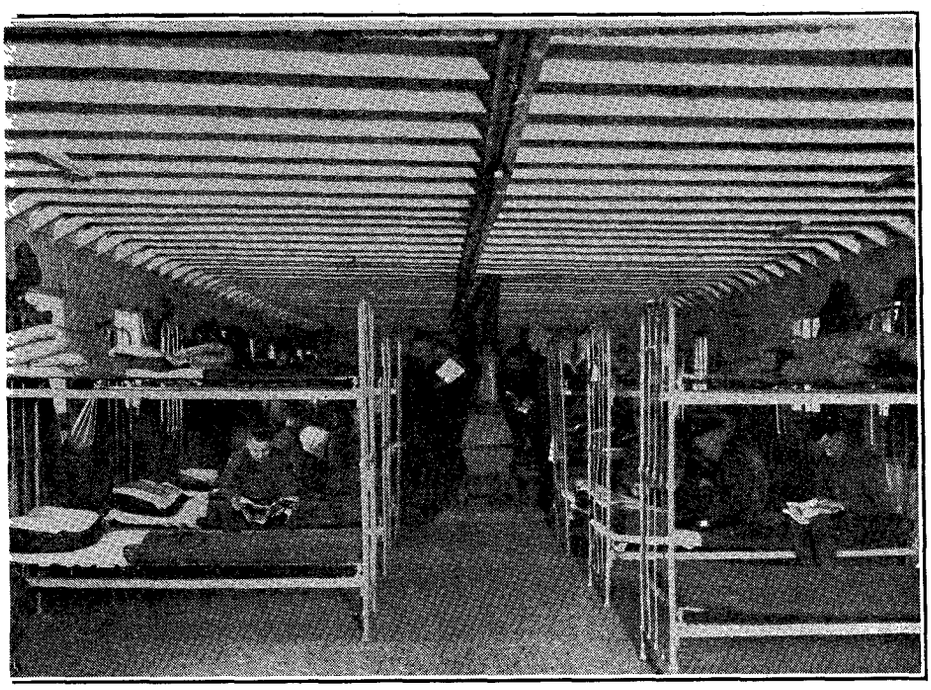
There remains only the final ordeal o



Signal Corps, U. S. A.

An aerial view of Fort Slocum

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

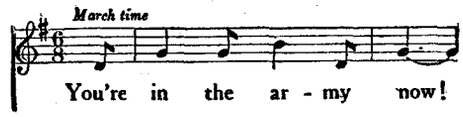


International

Interior view of one of the barracks at Fort Slocum

vaccination and typhoid inoculation. Vaccination, he knows, is nothing, but noculation he dreads. The thought of a needle thrust half an inch or more into his arm is alarming. He tells himself hat it is only a pin prick, nothing to worry about, but his disquiet is not in he least decreased. The line pushes him forward irresistibly. Vaccination s over in a moment. The attendant passes a platinum needle through a lame and makes with it four crisscross scratches on his arm. He can hardly feel it. Now for the inoculation. The recruit in front is white; as he moves up to the man with the needle he suddenly crumples up in a faint. The attendants show no concern at an occurrence so frequent. Our recruit's arm is dabbed with alcohol on a swab of absorbent cotton. He passes a little beyond the man with the needle. He feels a sharp sting in the back of the arm; the needle goes in still farther. All over. It was not much, after all, but he will dread it the second time just as much as the first.

He has been examined and accepted and is now ready for the final rite of taking the oath—the ceremony toward which all this has been leading. He had thought more or less about that ceremony, had dwelt in anticipation on that thrilling moment when, beneath the folds of a starry banner, with an open Bible somewhere at hand, he would dedicate himself to the service of his country. The swearing-in turns out to be very informal and not at all thrilling. A group of half a dozen men in civilian clothes stand before a lanky medical officer. There are no flags or Bibles. "Do any of you p— abed? Hold up your right hand. You do solemnly swear t' you will obey t' president United States—" "I do," all together. You're in the army now!



After dinner comes the gradual accumulation of equipment. Our soldier is lucky. Many men spend weeks at Slocum without a uniform. It is bitterly cold outdoors, these new soldiers are soft from civilian life, and feverish from typhoid inoculation. A soldier has to have a great many things to make up a complete outfit—underwear, socks, shoes, breeches, shirt, jacket, leggings, overcoat, hat, knapsack, mess kit. Hundreds of men stand in single file and wait hours, shivering in the intense cold, to get shoes. Nothing but shoes. Then another line, and just as long a wait, to get overcoats. They stand in line two hours more in the moonlight after supper to get new mess kits, their feet freezing. Nothing to do but stamp and beat their hands and wonder how such an organization is ever to make the world safe for anything.

What a difference the uniform makes! Man's greatest desire is not to be conspicuous, but to conform. Is there any misery more acute than that of feeling your clothes are wrong? The man in civilian clothes in a military camp is an outsider, a poor uninitiate, a stupid fool. It is not merely that others think so; he thinks so himself, and shows it in his face. But an hour afterward, when he has assembled and put on an ill-fitting uniform, witness his self-confidence, his air of experience, his swagger. It cut him to the heart when the men in uniform sneered at him; now his chief delight is to hunt up the new men and sneer at them. "The army," Oldhauser used to say, "is only a miniature world without shame." The statement is profoundly true. The army is really no worse than the society which created it. It is simply unashamed.

At Slocum the recruit had no taste of military drill, but became an expert at "soldiering" in the esoteric sense. The camp was merely an enlistment depot for men in all branches of the service. Recruits came there, were examined, and, if accepted, given partial equipment and kept on the island until there were enough men of that branch of the service to form a detachment to send south to one of the training camps. Of training in the proper sense there was none. But there was plenty of work to be done, and the men had to do it. Men were needed everywhere for dirty and disagreeable jobs. As there was no company formation, indeed only the loosest form of organization by barracks, no regular details for the day were posted, but the noncoms ranged about with lists calling for a certain number of unspecified men, seeking for the recruit who had not learned the ways of Slocum. If you stayed in the barracks you were sure to get caught, for the noncoms always went there first. It was risky to go to the "Y" in the daytime, for one really had no business to be there. Moving about at random outdoors in the cold was even worse than working. Besides, you always had the dreadful feeling that if you got far away from your barrack, through which alone you could be reached by those in charge, something important for you might turn up and you might be missing. A detachment, you thought, might suddenly go south and leave you at Slocum all winter. The ideal place for retreat would have been one near the barracks, where men had a reasonable right to go, and where they could be safe from detail-hunting noncoms. There was, unfortunately, no such sure haven of refuge, but the latrines filled the requirements better than any other place, and were consequently always crowded. They

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were also the seminaries of post gossip and rumor. A "latrine," we learned, was not only a building, but also the name for any particularly exciting but quite unfounded rumor emanating therefrom.

Although there was no drill at Slocum, there was a great deal of standing in formation to hear one's name called. "Calling over" seemed to be the chief occupation of the place. Once the army captured its man it was clearly —and perhaps properly—afraid it would lose him. Ten times a day in each barrack a bugle would blow, and a sergeant would roar "Out on the sea wall!" Thereupon the men were supposed to line up on the sea wall behind the barrack and answer to their names to assure the authorities that they had not yet managed to desert or get lost. Half of such formations were mere ruses of the noncoms to collect a detail for some especially dirty job. It was always a thrilling speculation whether you dared disregard the summons or not. All the noncoms at Slocum were hard-boiled, roaring old-timers. One of them we all remembered as the loudest of the lot—Knoblock, sergeant of Barracks 51 M.D. He had pneumonia after we went south and we heard that he died, but none of us believed it.

On December 27, 1917, the first step was taken toward the formation of Evacuation Eight, though no one at Slocum had heard of such an organization. On that day was posted a list of men who were to be sent south to a medical training camp, Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. That list included the names of the majority of the members of the original company. The outgo was set for Saturday, December 29. Nothing short of a chance to go back home with war and the army forgotten could have seemed so glorious to the fortunate men who found their names on that list. In the first place, it meant release from the killing cold of Slocum for a place which promised to be much more comfortable. Being Northerners, we pictured Georgia as enjoying, even in midwinter, the climate of a terrestrial paradise, where watermelons were always ripening under sunny skies, and orange trees held out their fruit to the passing soldier. Perhaps even more alluring was the thought of escape from the awful anarchy and monotony of the shiftless existence of Slocum—day after day and week after week without regular work, definite prospect, or feeling of getting anywhere.

The twenty-eighth was spent in feverish anticipation of the exodus. We stayed in our barracks, going over our equipment and packing it fifty times to be sure it was in order. We were convinced that if we were short a spoon we should be turned back to stay in Slocum. All our scruples against theft broke down in the face of such a possibility. Mutual depradations were so common that we felt the only safe course was to put on our backs as much of our equipment as possible, and sit down and watch the rest. That night none of us slept much.

At four o'clock in the morning of one of the shortest days in the year, we were routed out—out on the sea wall, into the dismal bleakness and blackness of two hours before sunrise of a midwinter day with a blizzard brewing. The wind, swirling up from the harbor ice and salt water hardly less cold, bit and stung bodies not yet inured to such violence; set teeth chattering, and reached for our hearts with its dispiriting chill. We ate breakfast, not in the general mess, which was not yet stirring, but in a small unheated shack with counter and trestle tables, where the steam from hot dishes rose in blinding clouds under the lanterns, and we stamped our numb feet on the floor, trying to still the chattering of our teeth long enough to gulp down a few swallows of boiling coffee. Then back to a cold unused barrack for a second roll call—over an hour more of suspense and icy torture—then out into the outside cold to stand in line for blankets—minutes after minutes of slow chilling of the blood—and, finally, down to the wharf, on the most exposed part of the island, to wait for the steamer to take us to Jersey City. By this time the blizzard had broken, and the snow was swirling in blinding clouds, driven on by a wind registering fourteen degrees below zero.

We were utterly unprepared for such an ordeal. Three months later we might have gone through the experience without mishap, and even with little discomfort. But at that time we were all soft, many of us were still feverish with typhoid inoculation, we had already been subjected to four hours or more of intense refrigeration, and we were insufficiently clothed. The American Army provides no headgear that covers the ears. The campaign hats which we had been issued would probably have furnished an ideal protection from the hot sunshine of Cuba and the Philippines, but they were not much good in a swirling blizzard at fourteen degrees below zero. Some of us saved our ears on that memorable day by knitted helmets provided by solicitous parents. Some of us had scarves in which we could muffle our faces. A few braved the sneers of the noncoms and swathed their heads in bath towels. But most of us offered our ears to the blast. We wore thin dress shoes, cotton socks, and canvas puttees. Our overcoats—the one serviceable winter garment we possessed—were mainly of the new short-cut variety which left the legs exposed below the knee.

We arrived at the wharf and lined up —no boat in sight. It occurred to the officers that they would have time for another complete roll call. The roll call began, but proceeded slowly, for officers and noncoms were unobtrusively but steadily slipping away to the shelter of nearby buildings. Almost an hour we stood fronting the blast in jagged wavering lines, stamping, beating our arms, holding hands to our ears. Then here and there men began to fall, overcome by the cold, literally frozen unconscious on their feet. The first man to collapse created something like a sensation. Men who do not realize how near they are to the same condition stare in amazement and anger as he is carried off by his companions. But now they begin to fall on all sides, suddenly crumpling up and toppling over without a second's warning. One man falls heavily backward, striking his head on the icy ground. The officers and noncoms have now nearly all gone inside. Suddenly, above the moan of the wind, is heard the sound of a roaring voice, loud, passionate, profane. It is, so the whisper runs, "The Colonel," and he is telling our officers in no uncertain terms to get us in out of the cold. If I knew the Colonel's name I would record it here with dithyrambs of praise, but simply as "The Colonel" he flashed into our lives, and then blazed out again in a gorgeous flare of curses. He was a good man.

The nearest building is the "Y" and its annex. We all rush thither in a mob. No more formations or formalities. We don't care now whether we get to Jersey City or not; our immediate desire is to get out of the cold before we freeze to death. Rumor says that fourteen men collapsed with the cold, and later adds that the man who struck his head on the ice died from the injury

(Please Turn to Page 117)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Europe's "Man of Mystery"

By T. R. YBARRA

MUCH of the energy of up-to-date journalism goes into focusing the lime-light on those who don't want it and refraining from focusing it on those who do. So efficient and persistent are its methods that, when once it makes up its mind to tell readers about the antecedents, appearance and habits of a man or woman, that man or woman may as well bid goodby to privacy; so wary is it, on the other hand, of publicity-seekers, that there are actually actresses in existence who have never had a story in the papers about how those magnificent jewels of theirs were stolen. But few indeed are those who succeed in eluding the press of the world when once it decides to bestow upon them the Grand Order of the Lime-Light. All the more marvelous, then, that there is a man living today who, though he has been called the most powerful individual in all Europe, has wrapped himself in such a haze of silence and mystery that nobody, it would seem, really knows anything about him.

Ask any of your acquaintances, "Have you ever heard of Sir Basil Zaharoff?" They will doubtless reply in a hazy sort of way that they have. But pin them down, ask them for facts about him, even the simplest—his nationality, the details of his career, what business he is in, and it is five to one that they will fail utterly to answer.

"But he has been called the most powerful man in Europe," you may tell them. "Yes, I know, I know," they will admit, "and yet—I'm hanged if I know who or what he is." All honor to Sir Basil! With his fingers in a hundred international pies, a multi-millionaire, a puller of hidden strings to which monarchs and statesmen have danced, he has successfully defied every reporter in every country in the world. Articles have been written about him, of course—nay, books have been consecrated to him—yet, somehow, he has managed to keep his essential self concealed from the world.

"Who is the most powerful man in Europe?" "Sir Basil Zaharoff." "Describe him." Silence. A typical dialogue, that! One wonders whether Henry Ford or Edison or King Alfonso or Hindenburg or Hoover or Einstein envies Sir Basil—for, when all is said and done, mystery has a wonderful aura about it! To be as rich as Croesus, as powerful as a Czar and as unknown as the Unknown Soldier is, after all, a winning combination.

Sir Basil Zaharoff is eighty years old this year, a fact that has occasioned still more attempts to pierce the veil enveloping him and reveal him at last to the world. Yet, determined as these attempts have been, he still keeps his secret. He still remains a phantom. Every story about him, though bearing the very hall-mark of authenticity, still seems to blend with the realm of legend. Sir Basil Zaharoff, octogenarian, can afford to smile at those who have tried to unveil him; and the wielders of the lime-light, who have shed its rays on the darkest and remotest corners of this modern world of ours, must touch their hats to him, if they are good sports, and say, in reluctant admiration: "You win!"

BORN IN Asia Minor of poor parents. Nationality, Greek—that is, if he has any—if ever there was an international individual it is this one. Settles in Constantinople. Forced to shift for himself to earn a living. Becomes a money-changer, a fireman, a guide hanging around hotel entrances on the lookout for tourists desiring to see the sights of Stamboul. Goes into business with an uncle, quarrels with him, runs away to London, gravitates, at last, after all sorts of ups and downs, to Athens, capital of the land of his forefathers.

Finally, in 1877, a full half century and more ago, Fortune bestows on him a genuine smile—he establishes a connection with a big arms manufactory. No more trouble, thereafter, for Basil Zaharoff. Joining forces with Hiram Maxim, American inventor of rapid-firing guns, Zaharoff travels everywhere, is received in secret council by kings and premiers, sells thousands of guns, amasses millions of dollars, and—eludes hundreds of reporters. He says little, listens much, thinks deeply. The decades pass, the millions pile up, he who suffered hunger on the streets of Stamboul dines off gold plate, yet ever thicker is the veil he draws about himself, ever darker the mystery in which he continues to still be wrapped.

Nor is he merely a thinking machine, a money-grabbing automaton. He meets a Spanish Princess, falls in love with her and she with him, but there can be no question of marriage. The lady has a husband and the laws to which grandees of Spain bow down know nothing of divorce. So the Greek wielder of power and lord of millions sits down to wait. After many years the husband of the lady dies. Soon after she and Sir Basil are married. He is 75, she 70.

That is the outline of his career, according to the latest crop of stories about him, elicited by his eightieth birthday. But are these stories true? Are they any better than the scores of others which, bandied about ever since he began to pull the strings behind the European marionette stage, have been indignantly branded as lies by anecdote-mongers eager to substitute for the current coinage of Zaharoff yarns a complete set of new ones, minted and placed in circulation by themselves?

Who can say? There is absolutely no way of getting at the truth about Sir Basil. There are some who go so far as to doubt his very existence. That, however, is overdoing the thing.

Go down to the Riviera, Monte Carlo, make inquiries about him, and anybody will point out a very old man, slightly bowed, white-bearded, darting distrustful looks to right and left, escorted by a faithful East Indian servant. He likes Monte Carlo—indeed, he is reputed to have owned it up to a few years ago—owned all of it, gambling Casino, beach, hotels, cafés, villas—owned it—in the unvarying Zaharoff manner — unofficially, intangibly, secretly.

Now, a widower—the wife for whom he waited so long died recently—he has withdrawn almost entirely from his multiple business interests, to spend his remaining years in repose at the most famous hotel in Monte Carlo. He owns that hotel, by the way—that is, some say he does and some he doesn't—anyhow, there he is, as mysterious as ever.

There used to be a song about "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." How about a new one on the theme of "The Man Who Beat the Lime-Light"—at Monte Carlo and everywhere else as well.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Trend of Events

"Mary Dugan" in Charlotte

AFTER LONG DELAY caused by the change of venue from Gaston to Mecklenburg County and by the difficulty of finding twelve jurors sufficiently "free from mill-boss domination" to satisfy the defense, the trial of sixteen strikers for the killing of Police Chief Aderholt of Gastonia finally got under way. Its melodramatic end when Juror Campbell went insane —the case will now be postponed until September 30—was hardly more melodramatic than its beginning.

The first witness—the doctor who attended Aderholt—took the stand. At a command from prosecution counsel, a door opened and deputy sheriffs rolled in a large figure, draped in a black shroud. Immediately counsel for the defense objected. Prosecuting Solicitor Carpenter stepped forward and stripped off the drapery. There were slight shrieks as a life-sized plaster-of-paris model of the murdered Police Chief stood forth—its face done to the life and tinted with rouge, its body clothed in the shot-riddled uniform, hat, badge, and all—complete to the shoestrings.

"Take it out," ordered Judge Barnhill.

The prosecution demurred, explaining that the purpose of the figure was to permit the jury to see the exact nature of Aderholt's wounds. Meanwhile, jury and spectators had ample opportunity to gaze at the gruesome sight. A second, sharper command from the judge, and the figure was rolled away.

Whatever the effect on Juror Campbell, the Gastonia trial audience had had its thrill. Where had it had that identical thrill before? At the theatre, probably, or at the talkies. Nowadays life takes tips from art. Apparently counsel for the prosecution had been to see "The Trial of Mary Dugan."

The Shearer Case

THE SHEARER CASE is well adapted to investigation by a committee of the Senate. A little clear, white light is needed on the connection of William B. Shearer, propagandist and civilian naval expert, with the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, the Brown-Boveri Corporation, and the Newport News Company, as well as on his activities in their behalf at Washington and Geneva.

A statement made for the Brown-Boveri Corporation in response to the President's demand for the shipbuilders' side of the case declares that Mr. Shearer was employed to attend the 1927 three-power naval conference merely to report details as an eyewitness. This raises the question why, if

Keystone

"THIS PROPAGANDIST"

William B. Shearer, naval expert, thus characterized by President Hoover

the companies wanted nothing but accurate reports, they chose this well-known big-navy propagandist to make them.

Filing suit against the companies for salary and expenses, Mr. Shearer himself asserts that at their request he not only made reports but engaged in all the multitudinous duties of a skilful propagandist, delivering public addresses, conducting a publicity campaign for the benefit of their business, and so on. Thus the conflict between the two versions is sharp and clear.

Mr. Shearer professes willingness to answer questions put to him by Congressional investigators. He should be given full opportunity to do so. One question immediately suggests itself. If the funds for his work did not come from shipyards, where did they come from? The central issue here, as the President points out, is not the right to engage in propaganda, for that is admitted, but the right to engage in secret propaganda. Such undercover tactics are especially dubious when, in the President's words, they are "directed to create international distrust and hate," when they aim to defeat a foreign policy of the Government, and when they are sponsored by individuals who bid for contracts to construct fighting-ships. The Government is not helpless to protect itself. It has a formidable club in its ability to confine naval construction to firms which do not make subterranean attacks on its disarmament program. If necessary, it could limit construction to Government shipyards alone.

Meeting a Need

AFTER NOVEMBER 1, the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art will have its supplementary museum, as the Louvre has its Luxembourg. The Museum of Modern Art, dedicated to artists whose work has not been tested by time, will have as its chairman A. Conger Goodyear, lumber merchant, banker, and former president of the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo. Its treasurer will be Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Its other organizers are distinguished modern-art experts and collectors who believe the new project to have potentialities for developing "the greatest modern museum in the world."

The Metropolitan Museum, forced by its very nature and function to acquire only works of art which seem permanently valuable, may not justly be accused of ultra-conservatism. Its policy, like any other great national museum's, must be to wait. National museums in France, Germany, England, and elsewhere have long since recognized the necessity of suitable waiting rooms. Hitherto, America had not. Hence, meritorious experimental artists often failed to command wide recognition or adequate prices.

Starting slowly, with monthly loan exhibits in temporary quarters, the museum eventually will have a building of its own. Through purchases and gifts it will acquire, first, a collection of the work of the immediate, and still controversial, ancestors of the modern movement, concentrating afterwards on works by living artists. Thus Americans and visiting foreigners will be able to form a definite impression of modern American art.

We need hardly conceal our satisfac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion at seeing this new venture so soundly launched. It fills precisely the need pointed out in the Trend of Events for June 26.

▶▶*"Jail, James"*

MR. SINCLAIR'S PART in the oil scandals got him into the papers. Mr. Sinclair was found guilty of contempt of court and of the Senate, which got him into jail. Now Mr. Sinclair has had automobile rides and is back in the papers again.

Which is where Mr. Sinclair does not belong. He belongs in jail. Though brief, his sentence, proving that a rich man could be put behind bars, satisfied the public's belief in the integrity of its institutions. It was important that he be kept there, and without favor. Instead, he was chosen for the "special duty" of motoring several times a week to the Washington wharves to assist the jail physician in a clinic maintained for prisoners used to unload boats. We learn that he was "always back in time for supper;" we do not learn whom he saw on his outings or whether he received reports on his oil and other interests. If he did, the loss of his job at the wharves need not inconvenience him. It is reported that he has been receiving friends in jail and dictating statements relating to his oil business.

Though he has but a short time left to serve, Mr. Sinclair has petitioned for commutation of sentence. Mr. Sinclair either has a gargantuan sense of humor or none at all. Can it be that, even with his frequent airings and friendly visitors, he does not like it in jail?

▶▶*Dr. Work's Successor*

TALL, SHARP-FEATURED, Claudius H. Huston, new chairman of the Republican National Committee, smiles widely but not warmly. One of the "original Hoover men," in many ways he resembles Mr. Hoover himself. Both are self-confident, though shy and soft-spoken. Both make decisions quickly, express themselves frugally. Mr. Huston was one of America's first efficiency experts. That must have appealed to Mr. Hoover.

Rounding off his education at business and normal schools and at Valparaiso University, young Claudius planned to be a small-town instructor. It didn't pay, he found. There was more money in business, as he discovered when he renounced Harrison County, Indiana, where he was born in 1876, for his uncle's city of Chattanooga, Tennessee. Pursuing fame and fortune as doctor to ailing industries and midwife to new ones, he has promoted wheelbarrow companies, Dixie highways, Liberty Loan drives, oil concerns, banks, bond houses, and international trade. A streak of daring runs through him. He plays a skilful game of poker.

Few know just how he entered politics, so unobtrusive is his manner. His hand rarely appears; he works by indirection. Some of his new associates question whether this quiet man of oblique glance will shine in his new field. Yet, called on to collect funds for the 1920 campaign, he made the Demo-

Underwood

AFTER DR. WORK

Claudius H. Huston, new chairman of Republican National Committee

cratic and none too affluent State of Tennessee yield $500,000. Impressed, his friends decided that only a place in the Cabinet would suitably reward him. Harding, however, explained that he was "obligated" to give the Commerce Secretaryship to a man named Herbert Hoover. The story goes that Harding urged Hoover to "do something for the young man from Tennessee," and Mr. Huston became Assistant Secretary of Commerce. There he performed noteworthy service for the Government and Mr. Huston. Eighteen months gave him an intimate picture of domestic and international trade conditions. Thereupon he abandoned the Department for more lucrative connections with private enterprise.

Legend paints him as Hoover's personal representative at the Kansas City Convention, relaying to Washington telephonic descriptions of every development affecting "the chief's" chances. The first Southerner to head the party in more than forty years, his immediate task will be to effect a permanent merger between the South and the Hooverized Republicans. Huston typifies the forces which, together with the prohibition issue and religious bigotry, broke four States off the Solid South last fall. Chattanooga's two opinions of him follow him into his new job. One opinion is that he is lucky, the other that he is able. Apparently there is something to be said for both.

▶▶*At Geneva*

HONORS WERE EVEN when Great Britain, represented by Premier MacDonald and Foreign Minister Henderson, and France, represented by Premier Briand, strove before the tenth League Assembly to outdo each other in enthusiasm for instruments of peace. Britain sponsored the more projects, France the more far-reaching projects.

Seeking to make the League covenant jibe with the Kellogg war-renouncing treaty, Britain advocated abolishing the right of League disputants who accept arbitral decisions to fight those who do not, the right of members to wage war three months after arbitrators render decisions, their right to act as they choose when the League Council disagrees on disputes submitted to it. Further, it O. K.'ed a treaty designed to prevent war by allowing any action to stop it, though urging that this, too, be brought into line with the Kellogg pact.

Still further, it approved a treaty providing financial assistance to victims of aggressors. The benefits of this, it added, should accrue only to nations carrying out the program of disarmament on land, on the sea, and in the air, which the League would soon formulate. Britain and the United States, Premier MacDonald declared, have been striving for an agreement which will be followed by a five-power naval conference. Of the twenty points at issue, all but three had been settled.

Then it was Briand's turn. The French Premier brought listeners to their feet by advancing his plan for a United States of Europe bound together with political as well as economic links—without destroying national sovereignty—and expressing the hope that "later, perhaps at the next As-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sembly," Europe might be ready to make a start. He won applause by his pledge to work for ratification of the League's general act, which the great nations have unanimously avoided, making arbitration, not only of legal disputes, but of all disputes, compulsory. He hinted that the League should be furnished with its own armed force to prevent or punish war. He denounced as "abominable criminals" those who instill into children's minds ideas "preparing the way for further orgies of slaughter"—a direct hit at Russian Communists, German Nationalists, and Italian Fascists.

Fifty-three of the League's fifty-four members answered the roll-call of this Assembly. Whatever may come out of the British and French proposals, the delegates' thrills at seeing Henderson, MacDonald, and Briand go through their paces must have been worth the cost of their trips to Geneva.

▶▶*World Court's Prospects*

THE LEAGUE ASSEMBLY saw Premier MacDonald take a plunge that had stumped diplomats of all the larger powers except Germany. Hitherto, only the smaller powers had adhered to the "optional clause" in the World Court statute, or constitution. Under this clause, adherents are not merely permitted, but compelled, to submit to the Court legal disputes involving interpretations of treaties, questions of international law, the existence of facts which might constitute breaches of obligations, and the reparation to be made for such breaches. Now London is in the swim, followed by the six Governments of the British Commonwealth. So, too, is France, announces Premier Briand, emulating Mr. MacDonald. Japan, therefore, has small choice but to roll its slippers in its kimono and dive in also.

As for the United States, though the slow train carrying it toward Court membership approaches its destination, it has not yet arrived at the swimming hole. Another way station was passed when the recent conference of Court members unanimously approved the Root plan. Now each of the conferees must separately punch America's ticket, which must also be stamped by the United States Senate.

The plan designed by Elihu Root provides that, when the League asks the Court for an advisory opinion, it must inform the United States. If we disapprove of the request, we may ask the League to withdraw it. Failing to secure satisfaction, we may leave the Court without imputation of unfriendliness. Secretary Stimson believes that this meets the reservations under which the Senate voted for our adherence. The Senate itself may either agree or disagree.

Assuming that it agrees, assuming that we adhere to the statute, even though not, at once, to the "optional clause," the Court's prestige will be considerably enhanced. With the British and French decision to accept this clause as well as the rest of the statute, the Court's authority is greatly extended.

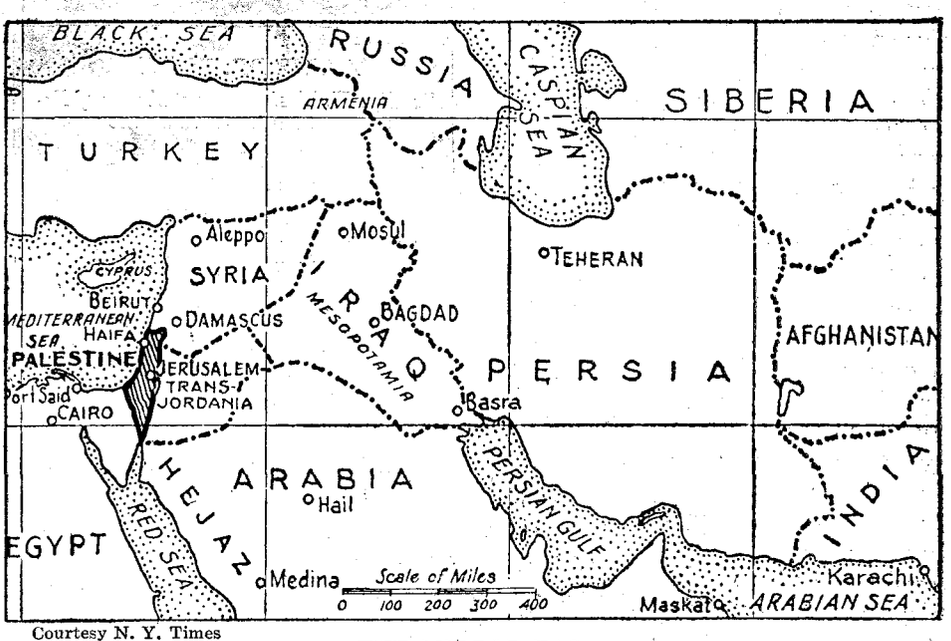
▶▶*Under the Surface*

"THERE IS NO RACIAL conflict in what happened in Palestine the other day," said Premier MacDonald in his recent speech at Geneva. "This is no conflict between Moslem and Jew; this is simply an uprising of lawlessness and disorder." Leaders of both races, he said, should join together and condemn "what is nothing less than an ordinary piece of political crime." Some of his hearers must have pinched themselves.

It is not that Premier MacDonald does not know better; he does not want to know better. It is to Britain's interest to play down far-reaching issues beneath the rioting, which go too deep for comfort, and to play up superficial issues. London refuses to reconsider the basic terms of its mandate for Palestine, and its decision to establish a national home for the Jews. It would be profitless, therefore, for it to dredge up and exhibit what is at the bottom. Hence the work of the Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry, headed by Sir Walter Shaw, will be "limited to the immediate emergency and will not extend to considerations of major policy."

The fact remains that the British mandate is itself one cause of the outbreak. The 1917 Balfour Declaration, which "views with favor the establishment of a national home for the Jewish people in Palestine," is another. This is emphasized by all Arab spokesmen. Moreover, the outbreak was not spontaneous, but carefully premeditated. Responsible Jewish leaders are tracing it to the doorstep of the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, who is also President of the Moslem Supreme Council, and who is quoted as saying that 60,000,000 Moslems are on the verge of revolt.

Britain well knows there are grave fundamental aspects to the disturbance. Aside from Arab opposition to the national-home idea, there is Arab dissatisfaction over Britain's failure to fulfill its wartime promise of helping to establish an independent Arab Empire whose boundary line (see map) would run, roughly, from the Persian Gulf to Mosul, to Aleppo, down the Mediterranean coast line to the Southwest border of Palestine, and so around, over the shore of the Red Sea. The fact that Syria, governed by France, and Palestine and Transjordania, governed by Britain, are part of that area rankles in the Arab mind. It may yet lead to widespread trouble.



Courtesy N. Y. Times

THE MIDDLE EAST

Palestine has 850,000 inhabitants, with 600,000 Mohammedans; Syria 3,000,000, with 1,500,000. The population, chiefly Mohammedan, of Transjordania is 220,000; of Arabia 7,000,000; of Egypt 14,000,000; of Iraq 3,000,000

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nor can Britain's problem be solved merely by filling Palestine with troops. As Sidney Webb, now Lord Passfield, British Colonial Secretary, points out, there were similar riots in 1921 despite the presence of soldiers to the number of 13,000.

▶▶*Connecticut Idyl*

A TRUCE TO MODERNITY, while, with Florence Trumbull and John Coolidge, we taste again the romantic tradition of Louisa May Alcott. The Connecticut idyl recalls many stories, but one especially, by the immortal author of "Little Women."

Laura, "an enamored bit of thistledown," found "youth and love no match for age and common sense," which "objected to seeing her begin the world in a balloon with a very tender but very inexperienced aeronaut for a guide." The parental dictum to her suitor was, "Go and prove that you have prudence, patience, energy, and enterprise." The lovers "bewailed their fate, and yielded." Philip "went away to build a firm foundation for his castle in the air."

Whether the Coolidge romance followed these exact lines, the public will never know. It only knew, when the engagement was announced a year ago, that there would be no White House wedding; that John had gone to work. At any rate, the foundation for John's castle in the air, presumably, has now been built. The young man, undoubtedly, like Philip, "a stronger man for the trial and the pain," has taken an apple-tree-shaded apartment in New Haven, and invitations have been sent out for the quiet church wedding in Plainville, September 23. The blithesome days when John dropped over to Mt. Holyoke College from Amherst to escort Florence to dances have been forgotten behind his clerk's desk in the office of the New Haven Railroad.

His bride, to be sure, will wear an ivory satin wedding gown, after Patou, and, on her honeymoon, a green panne velvet Patou traveling ensemble. But, afterwards, she will rise at 7 A. M. to get her husband's breakfast. She will ride, as he does, on the trolley. She will clean and sweep her four-and-a-half-room apartment with her own hands, market on a budget, and furnish her home simply, neatly, and gradually. It seems certain that, like an Alcott heroine, she will "drown her idle fancies in her wash-tub and learn the worth of self-denial, as she sings with happy voice among the pots and kettles of her conquered realm." Surely Florence and John will live happily ever after.

▶▶*Wings Over England*

WHETHER FOR WEAL OR WOE, man is now able to fly faster than ever before—nearly 356 miles an hour. At the Schneider Cup races Flying Officer Waghorn hurtled seven times around the kite-shaped, 31-mile course at an average speed of 328.64 miles an hour and won the trophy for England. Shortly afterward, Flying Officer Atcherly, his team-mate, maintained a speed of

Wide World

ALTAR-BOUND

John Coolidge and his fiancee, Florence Trumbull, daughter of the Governor of Connecticut

331.78 miles an hour for two laps, but was disqualified for wandering off the course.

Sharing front pages of the newspapers with the English races, and perhaps making some readers wonder what all the flying's for, was the news of the finding of the charred remnants of the Transcontinental Air Transport liner, wrecked over Mt. Taylor in New Mexico. Perhaps some recalled the recently-stated opinion of Henry Ford that the airplane, by the very nature of its construction and development, engine and fuel, is a groundling; that it will have to have new and more typically aerial features before flying can be a complete success. Perhaps others recalled that, fifty years ago, a train wreck would have been given the same prominence, and as many heads would have been shaken over the feasibility of travel by rail.

Commercial flying, like any other new enterprise, inevitably will have setbacks. Though these are bound to be publicized, they are as sure to be forgotten as an air-minded public gains confidence and enthusiasm. Transcontinental Air Transport officials will withdraw their planes from service until they can be thoroughly tested, and then carry on according to schedule. A few days after the Schneider races, Pilot Orlebar raised the speed record to 356 miles an hour. Yet British aviators were still eager to fly faster than any man had ever flown before.

▶▶*Whither the Mode?*

NOW FOR THE LONG-AWAITED BATTLE between comfort and fashion, straight lines and curves. If the Paris designers have their way, the flat-chested, scantly-clad, stockingless 1929 flapper will seem as ludicrous next year as the Gibson girl seems today. Whereas, the Gibson girl will not seem ludicrous at all—for curves, voluminous skirts, perhaps even pompadours, are in the offing.

But will Paris have its way? Will women on the street, in business offices, in compact apartments, in crowded buses and trolleys, resemble their sweepingly-gowned sisters in fashion advertisements? What about women on the golf course, in the sport airplane, in the roadster's rumble seat? Possibly many men, deploring what Charles Willis Thompson calls "skinny, over-colored, mosquito-legged" women of today, yearn for a definite change. Possibly cloth manufacturers and women martyrs to the 18-day diet do, too. And possibly they will have their wish, for, despite all that has been said of the sense, comfort, and logic of present-day dress, the mode has never been overconcerned either with logic, comfort, or sense.

However, we are more likely to see gradual lengthening of skirts and softening of contours than sudden, radical changes. During the last decade Paris has become too familiar to the average American woman to be able to treat her in the old take-it-or-leave-it manner. Moreover, large-scale fashion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

merchandising—a recent development—favors conservatism because conservatism involves less risk. Radical change, providing it catches on, is one way of promoting business. A number of minor changes, accompanied by shrewdly increased demand, represent another, and surer, way.

Thus in the next few years it may appear that, while the American woman accepts supple and feminine attire for dress wear, she "demands" short, wide skirts for street and sports, and neat, mannish costumes for the office; that she travels by plane in one ensemble, by rail in another, by motor in a third. Instead of being persuaded by manufacturers to throw away her wardrobe every few years because it is out of style, she may simply be induced to maintain one several times as large.

▸▸*Whither Beauty?*

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN expected that, after a season of sun-worship, the freckle would come into its own. But the naming of a freckled candidate by the Illinois Hair Dressers' Association to compete for the "Miss America" title at the Detroit convention sounds like red radicalism. This means that next summer's suntan lotions will be supplemented by freckle make-up. Either that or—the hair dressers met in Chicago—someone was packing a rod.

Just the week before the hair dressers convened in Detroit, forty-two beauty contest managers assembled as many striving beauties in Baltimore to be welcomed by Mayor Broening and compete for another "Miss America" title. In the interest of accuracy, why not line up all current "Miss Americas" and choose the simon-pure, unchallenged beauty, "Miss 'Miss America' "? Or, better still, let all of them step down in favor of a new reigning beauty, lately come upon the scene—Miss Ruth Wiedergott, of Bass Lake, Indiana, lately acclaimed "Miss Onionita," and crowned Queen of the Onions.

▸▸*Rights of "Extrality"*

ASKED BY THE youthful Nanking Government for permission to administer justice throughout China, the United States recalls that it has never sought to seize Chinese territory, that it recently allowed China to fix its own tariffs, and that it has always respected Chinese aspirations. More pertinently, it announces its readiness to negotiate on abandoning rights of extraterritoriality, or "extrality," under which, since an American sailor was executed in China a hundred years ago for a crime he did not commit, American defendants have been tried in courts controlled by their own consular representatives.

The decision is prudent and as progressive as conditions permit. The

Courtesy Stern Brothers

HITHERWARD?

Patou finds styles evolving thus, toward "the grand traditions of pre-war days"

Chinese have a way of denouncing and ignoring treaties they no longer respect. Agreeing to relinquish these rights little by little—in a community here, in certain types of cases there—the United States safeguards its dignity and again demonstrates friendliness toward Chinese nationalism. Drawing upon the report of the Commission on Extraterritoriality, which went to China in 1926 headed by Silas Strawn of Chicago, the State Department points out that "extrality" rights were established with the consent of both Governments, that legal theory and practice in China and America are still dissimilar, and that the consular courts must be maintained until Nanking creates an independent Chinese judiciary fairly interpreting known codes of laws.

While China doubtless believes that its newly-drawn but still untested civil and commercial codes meet all reasonable requirements, it may be content if the United States, seemingly conceding much, actually concedes little. It is not unaware that, however unsatisfactory the American reply, it is more liberal than the British answer to a smiliar request. In befriending China, the United States is apparently second to no other power with interests in the Orient.

▸▸*Done Again*

THAT MUCH-PUT-UPON soul, the American tourist, might as well stick up his hands and be done with it. Experience has taught him that retail prices are likely to jump as he approaches a European counter. Now it develops that, though for many years he has been paying duty based on the retail price of his purchases, he need only have paid it on their wholesale value. That is all the tariff law demands.

Commissioner of Customs Eble of Washington has conferred with New York customs officials in an effort to remedy the situation. Tourists who have thus innocently slipped extra millions into Uncle Sam's pocket will agree that it will take remedying. Appraising merchandise according to wholesale value involves inconvenience; rather than have their property sent to the appraiser's store, which means several days' delay and risk of damage, wealthy tourists might prefer to pay duty on a retail basis, as they have been doing, and take their goods with them. But, at least, they should be given choice in the matter. It would be better still if customs officials would devise some way by which travelers could be taxed both fairly and quickly.

A tentative plan outlined by Mr. Eble is to charge the lowest or a low intermediate rate on all merchandise over the $100 free allowance. A tourist, for instance, brings in $125 worth of goods, some having a duty of 90 per cent, some a duty of 25 per cent. Twenty-five per cent tax would be levied on his dutiable $25, thus balancing the difference between the retail and wholesale prices.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶*Psychology Works Upward*

TO PRESS FORWARD TOWARD making psychology something of an exact rather than a "pick-ax" science, as one scientist recently characterized it—a science which has been reduced only to the roughest of methods—a new institution to be called the National Institution of Psychology has been organized at Washington by a group of the younger psychologists. This was perhaps the most significant announcement in connection with the International Congress of Psychologists at Yale.

The National Institute will frankly exclude the older workers—they are forced to retire at sixty. This may point to the feeling of the younger research workers that hitherto they have had too little opportunity to explore lengthy problems. The new institution, which is to be, in the words of Dr. Knight Dunlap, noted psychologist at Johns Hopkins, "a national psychological laboratory, similar in some of its functions to the Bureau of Standards, but not under Federal control," will provide facilities for extended research. The exclusion of older workers may also reflect the fact or supposition that psychology, at least in the universities, has been held back by traditions and by the conservative tendencies of older men.

There may come a time when we shall have textbook formulas for psychological reactions. At present, the several schools of psychology cannot agree even on the fundamentals. Indeed, since all arguments demand some premise accepted in common, they can scarcely even argue.

▶▶*Country Slums*

THERE ARE SLUMS in the country as well as in the city, declares Dr. Arthur H. Estabrook, research investigator for the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and their inhabitants, the dregs of white, native stock who remained in hardscrabble, often isolated, communities while the more lusty and ambitious migrated, are a social and economic liability.

Writing in the "Eugenics Magazine," he describes a group living in homes that are mere shacks. One noted was actually but a little larger than two piano boxes placed end to end. The furnishings consisted of a cook stove, a table, a few chairs; the beds were made by spreading on the dirt floor old sacks and quilts. Here lived a man, his wife, and three small children, all mentally defective. The man has a criminal record of assault.

This depressing description is, more or less, a composite picture. In New England these people are called "swamp Yankees," and few rural communities settled for more than a hundred years are free of them. The more alert are frequently hired for routine work around farmhouses and in the fields. Inbreeding and other biological factors prevent many of them from being trained for any form of usefulness.

There is a direct relation between these feeble-minded and moronic groups

Remarkable Remarks

The life of the United States presents the image of one single gigantic, vicious circle.— COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING.

No man of sense has any right to mention alcohol and personal liberty in the same breath.—HENRY FORD.

Tennis is for youth, more important games, like thinking, for later on.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Sex is the great sacrament of human life.—REV. DR. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Atheists and certain college professors have combined with the impoverished playwrights and demoralized novelists to flout almost everything respectable people used to believe in and adhere to.—REV. DR. JOHN F. FRASER.

Somehow a woman can't put any pep into getting up a dinner unless a man is to eat it.—DOROTHY DIX.

More women are self-supporting and independent than ever before, and more women, I suspect, wish they were dead.—H. L. MENCKEN.

and rural pauperism, degeneracy, crime, alcoholism, and illegitimacy. Aside from furnishing appalling case histories for psychologists they perform no valuable function. The Nam family of New York State and the "Hill Folk" of Massachusetts are examples in point.

They have been drained of that initiative and virility which have turned inhabitants of the mountain slums of the Carolinas, Tennessee, Kentucky, and other Southern States into competent industrial workers. They have been left untouched by philanthropic movements, supported by Rockefeller, Heckscher, Rosenwald, and others, to wipe out the slums of cities. They are native stock gone to seed, the submerged and defeated of a hardy race.

Rural sociology, still in its infancy, has taken cognizance of them, and organizations, such as the county welfare boards in North Carolina and Iowa, are being created to assist them. These are the most hopeful signs on their otherwise bleak horizon.

▶▶*In Brief*

IT IS SAID that fully half of the Americans who go to Canada make the trip to see the scenery. To see it, presumably, as through a glass, darkly . . . . With Mr. Coolidge the father of the Kellogg war-renouncing treaty, having Mrs. Coolidge christen that new 10,000-ton cruiser the "Northampton" was an unusually happy idea . . . . Britons are mighty proud of Mr. Snowden's work at the Hague conference, and therein, it is plain from the Chancellor's frequent statements, they are on all fours with Mr. Snowden himself . . . . With report piled on report, rumor on rumor, it becomes clear that Premier MacDonald will come to the United States in September, that he will not come until October, that he will not come until November, and that he will not come at all . . . . A good cure for the lazy belief that reports of auto accidents are greatly exaggerated is to ponder the case of the Kittery, Maine, farmer who, having eight times escaped with his life when his horse and wagon were struck by automobiles, was recently struck again . . . . The editors of the New Standard Dictionary will include "enplane" and "deplane" in their forthcoming edition, considering the words as legitimate as "entrain" and "detrain." Train and plane passengers will, therefore, continue to say "get on" instead of "enplane" or "entrain," and "get off" instead of "deplane" or "detrain" . . . . A Baltimore boy has vanquished a host of rivals by sitting on a flagpole for more than a month; a Brooklyn boy has done likewise by flying a kite for forty-eight hours. Now let our boys, combining the two enterprises, see how long they can fly kites while sitting on flagpoles . . . . As for Pennsylvania's Smedley D. Butler-For-Governor movement, the General declares that he is not seeking the place, but adds that if Pennsylvanians want to clean things up he is "only too willing to help out." In other words, the General is running away from the Governorship as slowly as he can . . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE ARE SURPRISED to learn that all is not well with the sumptuous secretariat which has been set up at the White House as the keystone for a sweeping reorganization of the Executive menage. It is, of course, an old adage that few people can stand such success as has bathed the youthful brows of Secretaries Akerson, Richey and Newton, but we little thought that this theory of human frailty would ever apply to the band of highpowered idealists who were laboring so unselfishly and loyally for "The Chief" only a twelvemonth ago.

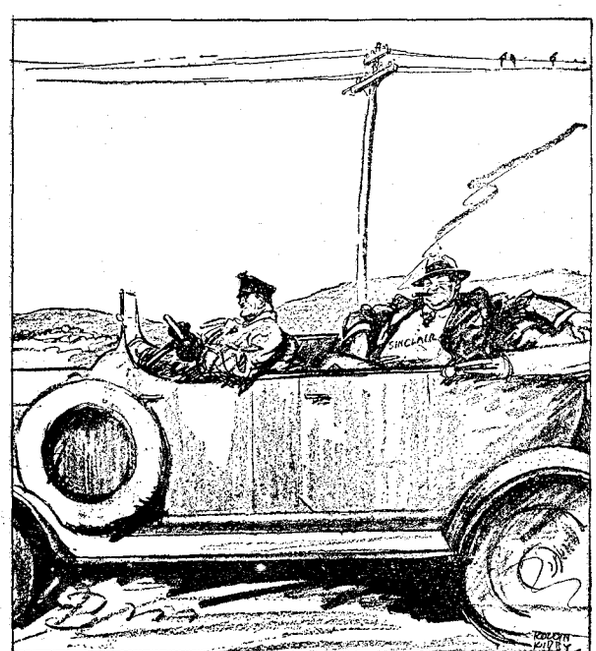
As we note the sad spectacle of this White House annex divided against itself, we fear there may have been some basis for the cynical contention that, for every effort this trinity made on behalf of Mr. Hoover when he was a candidate, each was making several for himself. This is not, of course, an uncommon phenomenon among men around a potential President, but it hardly comports with the best Hoover traditions. Yet we cannot bring ourself to blame these three wise young men for their plaints and plight. We suspect it must be hard to "supe" for a Superman. We also have reason to believe that Mr. Hoover is not wholly blameless for the dissension prevailing within his praetorian guard, although he seems quite unaware of its existence or his own responsibility for it.

As our White House informants describe the situation, the difficulty is that, although there is a sharp division of duties between the three, they cannot agree upon boundary lines. It seems that, in their groping and generous way, each is striving to embrace more territory than they have allocated to one another. Another cause of trouble, we hear, is that Mr. Hoover has not delegated supreme authority to any one of them, whereas each thinks that a single individual—and preferably himself—should be entrusted with the honor and hardship of bossing his associates.

To our mind, this is an amazing state of affairs in the secretariat of such a business executive as the President is reputed to be. It is rather amusing, we think, because it smacks of the communistic state in which it is every secretary for himself, and if there is a social order more cordially deplored by the President, no social philosopher has discovered it. Nevertheless, the fact remains that, should Mr. Hoover feel so inclined, he could find the worst features of the communistic state outside his office door.

Akerson, we learn, is quite jealous of Richey, and scornful of reports that Richey is the closer to the President. The relations between these two young men, we recall, were strained when they served under Mr. Hoover in the Department of Commerce, but few sensed it. Now that they must play their parts on a White House stage, they seem to find it difficult to restrain their feelings in conversations with friends. Though Richey is deeper and shrewder than Akerson, and by far the more able, he shows by his manner, we hear, that he will brook no rival. He has been Mr. Hoover's gumshoe man for too many years to relinquish the President's ear now. Richey, we suspect, is content to let Akerson serve as presidential microphone so long as he himself continues as Mr. Hoover's dictaphone and boy detective.

Newton's unhappiness, we are told, springs not so much from his relations with the rest of the secretariat as from the fear that he has been sidetracked, politically. He gave up his House seat for his present position with great reluctance, and only, we understand, after some painful pressure had been exerted by White House spokesmen. His one ambition is to become the next Senator from Minnesota, but it is doubtful if the Administration would dare to antagonize local patriots by insisting upon his nomination. If Newton is as keen an observer as we credit him with being, he must also have noticed that numerous friends of the Administration, Col. Donovan, Mrs. Willebrandt, Dr. Work and Horace Mann among them, were permitted to retire to private life with no richer reward than letters of commendation. Whatever the cause, Newton wears a most worried and harassed face.



Kirby in N. Y. World

The drug clerk takes the air

We discover a great deal of interest in Mr. Hoover's secretariat, the most expensive and elaborate in our memory. Visiting politicians want all the details about them, and are especially eager to discover who is the most influential with the President. Editors of newspapers and magazines have commissioned their representatives to write them up. Tourists, from the questions they ask, seem to rank the new White House institution next to Washington Monument and Rock Creek Park Zoo in public interest. New members of Congress cannot keep their names or duties straight. Nor can we, although we understand Akerson to be the chief train-meeter and handshaker; Richey to be the major domo of the Executive Office, with stewardship of the morals, money and clerical work of the office staff; Newton to be the political liaison man with the party, government offices and Congress. In spare hours Richey censors and censures the press, scolds the Secret Service men with whom he used to serve and runs sly errands for "The Chief."

Together they constitute a sort of Chinese Wall behind which the President sits hidden from contact or conversation with all but the nabobs of the Republican Party, the Congress and the people of the United States. Akerson, Richey and Newton are, in some respects, the presidential stimuli, and in many ways he is quite dependent on the unselfishness of their service. For that reason, if for no other, it is not sufficient that they be loyal to him, as we know them to be; they must be loyal to each other—one for all and all for "The Chief."

A. F. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Future of Man

An Editorial by Ales Hrdlicka

IT IS NOW known beyond any reasonable conjecture that man has evolved in the past, from forms at first less than human, and later from forms of man that were less—physically as well as mentally—than man is today. And there is ample scientific evidence that wherever subject to factors to which he has not yet become adapted he is reacting to these and in accordance evolving further. The very great and serious question that remains is whether and how will man evolve in the future. If not, then it means stagnation with probable mental extinction; if so—then the road upward is still open to men, and there is no possibility of telling what heights he may yet reach.

The best scientific evidence of the present indicates that man is capable of further evolution, both physically and mentally, but specially in the latter direction; and it is perceivable that the more civilized branches of human-kind are actually proceeding in these lines. But it is a largely new and highly interesting evolution which they follow. It is largely an evolution in response to a new order of factors.

In the past human development was almost wholly natural, that is, in response to factors inherent in nature, in the "environment," taking this term in its widest sense. This great complex of natural causes, which is still far from being thoroughly understood, is still acting, but it has gradually lost some of its potency. Heat and cold, mountains and valleys, food and drink, and even occupation, habits, disease, have lost more or less of their former influence on man, because of his artificial inventions and self-protection; or he has become so accommodated to them in certain localities that they produce no further reaction in him. And where there is no reaction there is no corresponding change. Thus a whole range of possible further adaptations has been or is being neutralized, and to that extent further evolution is ceasing. There is but little future for the environment of evolution of man.

Another great range of factors that were always a potent source of modifications which, acting together with natural selection, were capable of influencing evolution, were those of hybridization. This is again a highly complex subject which is not yet fully understood. These factors are as active today as ever, perhaps more so, and will continue to influence human evolution in the future. A good deal has been written on the question as to whether mixtures of blood are beneficial or detrimental. What can be said today is, that mixture of normal individuals under normal conditions and if not too different in blood is not harmful but rather otherwise, and that it often acts as a stimulant to, and an opener of the way for, further evolution.

Another agency, that has always acted favorably on human evolution, is now more active than ever in cultural man and will increase rather than decrease in potency in the future is sex selection. Both subconsciously and consciously, this tends towards the selection of the more fit, the more "ideal," the stronger. It will act so increasingly as man's knowledge of the laws and conditions of his own breeding advances. It will remain a strong and growing factor of further evolution of man in the right directions.

But, as time, civilization and knowledge advance and modern life with all its complexities involves man, there arise a whole new category of more or less powerful agencies which will influence his further development.

These agencies are in part favorable, in part unfavorable. The favorable ones are a large series of new stimuli; the unfavorable comprise various strains, depressives, poisons, and injuries.

The most influential of the favorable stimuli are the ever-growing desire for the better and higher in all directions; the modern ambitions; competition; higher education and physical as well as mechanical training; and the needs for new adaptations brought about by new inventions. The main unfavorable factors are modern large-scale wars, modern diseases; overwork, over-excitements and strains; prolonged poverty or malnutrition; the mechanization of large numbers of men and women; child labor; alcohol, narcotics, and industrial poisons; indolence; malpractices of various sorts, and criminality.

The future of man will be, as it is already now in a large measure, a struggle against the influences that are and will be interfering with his progress in evolution. It will no more be merely a struggle for existence, but an intense struggle against impediments and dangers.

Will man succeed in this great struggle—or succumb, as so many species and genera have done before him? It is hard to tell. Yet there are substantial reasons for hope. The three foremost of these are: (1) Man's progress in the past, notwithstanding all the difficulties in his way; (2) The fact that true happiness of man lies only in his wholesome activities; and (3) His increasing knowledge of nature, of himself, and of what is beneficial and what harmful to him and his progress.

No living form in the history of the world has been gifted, had its way opened, to such a degree. None reached mass-consciousness, mass-knowledge, mass-direction. Man has greatly surpassed all previous organic beings and can no more be judged by their example. He has a growing understanding of everything, and it is inconceivable that he would not use this ever increasingly for self-protection and for his benefit in general.

Man may thus reasonably be expected to safeguard and assist materially in his future evolution. The course this will follow is also indicated. It will evidently be mainly of further mental evolution—mental strengthening, refinement, differentiation. And there are endless possibilities in this direction.

(Please Turn to Page 117)

Where Is Mankind Going?

A faith based on facts can stand firm—and it is to such a faith that Dr. Hrdlicka points in this forecast of man's probably continuing development. As Curator of the Division of Physical Anthropology in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., he speaks from comprehensive scientific knowledge. In earlier articles he has described man's evolution in the past and present. He is one of the contributors to this weekly editorial page who constitute our list of witnesses to the progress of life, drawn from many fields of modern research and thought

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bored at Four

By SARA J. WARDEL

At four, Philip was a little bored and a little self-important. His mind had been skillfully trained in one of the best nursery schools—but he was becoming standardized. Now his mother has taken him away from the formalism of progressive education. Mrs. Wardel is a frequent contributor to The Outlook. She is writing, obviously, about her own son

WE HAVE appointed a new tutor in our household. She is Nature and we believe she has things to teach our boy that he cannot learn from the most progressive educational system in the land. When school bells ring in the Fall, Philip will still be running barefoot in the country, sniffing at clumps of purple asters and watching the elms turn yellow. We are going to let Nature teach him her alphabet of trees and stars and winter storms.

Though he is only four, Philip has already had nearly three years of formal education. He is a Nursery School baby. For a long time I have had to make a virtue of a necessity. Penned up in a city apartment house with financial obligations of my own, there was no other solution for the problem of an active-minded, active-legged child.

So progressive education has had its way with him and a sensible, reasonable way it proved to be. At an age when other babies were getting what they wanted by crying for it, Philip had already found the method futile. While many of my friends' babies were still being bottle-fed, he was managing to thrust most of the contents of a spoon into his own mouth. Having to adjust the little affairs of his daily life to accord with the rights of other children, he learned to be unselfish, social-minded and diplomatic.

Excellent, of course. But (and it is a large one) something was subtly lacking. On the surface he was an apparently satisfactory child. He glittered impressively. The doors to his mind opened without a squeak. But it was the perfection of externals. It had the quality of a hard lacquer finish, applied wholesale with a large paint brush. I surveyed my child and I was not satisfied. For Philip, at four, was bored with life.

HE STILL got hopefully dirty when he played. But, alas, he did not know how to play. He had to be continually supervised or directed. And I wanted the sort of little boy who takes odd bits of wood for soldiers, names them something like "Pie-Faced Yuts" and fights gallant battles with his troops. He still broke into the conversation when grown-ups were talking, but that was because he had a rather priggish, self-inflated idea of his own importance. Some innocuous bit of clay which he had modeled into a crooked basket had been placed on exhibition and won a prize for "distinctive display of imagination and craftsmanship." It was the sort of thing that children of every age have fashioned from mud or putty. But because Philip is a "modern" child his product was glorified as an expression of creative talent.

IN SHORT, he was poised but sophisticated. Santa Claus was "old stuff." Fairy tales were imaginative and therefore taboo. In an effort to acquaint him with present day civilization he had been taken on expeditions to factories, wharves, railroad yards and art museums. He was being taught to face life, to swallow reality without making a face over it. But Philip was indifferent. Unfortunately one thing was pretty much like another. Why bother?

This is my chief quarrel with progressive education. It is so busy teaching children the hard facts of life that it forgets to teach them how to live. It turns four year olds into solemn, unwondering little old men. In attempting to socialize them, it succeeds also in formalizing and standarizing them. It charts and studies them so intensively that they become little more than laboratory specimens with all the indignity of bugs pinned down under the microscope.

I think there is real danger attached to steam-rollering a child into conformity. For it is only the non-conformists who have ever amounted to anything in the history of the world. Look at them, the universal geniuses of past and present. In no case have they been afraid to be "different."

Says Emerson in one of the essays I hope my son will some day like, "It is much that a man does not accept the conventional opinions and practices. That non-conformity will remain a goad and a remembrancer and every inquirer will have to dispose of him in the first place. There is nothing real or useful that is not a seat of war. Our houses ring with laughter and gossip but it helps little. But the uncivil, unavailable man whom society cannot let pass in silence but must either worship or hate—he *helps*. He puts America and Europe in the wrong and destroys the skepticism which says, 'Man is a doll, let us eat and drink, 'tis the best we can do' by illuminating the untried and unknown. Acquiescence in the establishment and appeal to the public indicate infirm faith and heads which are not clear."

The progressive school, it seems to me, is educating an excellently docile rabble. It is raising up followers and disciples by the score. But what America most needs is leadership. We already have more "joiners" than we can accommodate. Clubs, societies, guilds and associations abound. Organization is the bane of American life. Give us a few red-blooded dissenters for a change. Heretics have a too long neglected part to play in our midst. There is room for a non-conformer now and then.

You rarely find him in the Nursery School, for there the tendency is all in the opposite direction. He is being taught to adapt himself to the opinions and practices of his fellow man. As a consequence he learns to co-operate so well that it is no longer possible for him to stand on his own feet. "A," in the alphabet of the Nursery School, never stands for Abandonment.

SO WE HAVE come to the country, not without some personal financial sacrifice. Here there is something to remind us that the real things of life have little to do with money. Humanity spends so much of its time in shop and market, church and school. We cook food that must afterwards be eaten. We get clothes made, buy shoes and later have them resoled. The victims of these details, we arrive only rarely at a rational moment. But in the country those moments are more frequent. There is less perplexity to obscure their meaning. We are freer to live them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Mother," said Philip the other day, dawdling over his breakfast, "let's never go back to New York."

"Why?" I asked, wondering what new reason would be forthcoming.

"Because out here nobody ever says 'Hurry' to me!"

Nature's first lesson for my son is drawn from the primer book of the plants. She is busy turning a formerly objective child with too shrill voice and too "tight" face into a subjective one, content merely to grow. An artificial flower has its decorative value but it soon grows dusty and has to be thrown out because it has no roots in reality. Philip is beginning to dig his toes into the soil. Soon he will unfold, in natural sequence, from roots through stem to flowering. This time his blossoms will be lasting.

ALREADY I see the first promises. He is growing rhythm-conscious, color-conscious. One evening recently he was staring out the window at the fireflies that pepper our summer nights and make the pines veritable Christmas trees.

"Mother," he said joyously, "it makes words in me! This is what they're saying:

'I see a red light
—— in the night!' "

A simple poem, perhaps, and a crude one. But at least his own.

Again he was letting the water from the brook drip through his fingers.

"Purple," he said dreamily. "Purple."

"Circle," I added, thinking that he was trying to make another poem. But he grew highly indignant.

"No, mother, I wasn't hunting words. I was just *thinking* purple!"

Philip is beginning to play for long hours by himself and can scarcely be dragged indoors for the meals which he consumes at a rate calculated to terrify parents who thought living expenses would be lower in the country. And this after battering frantically at the back door during the early days of his new freedom because he could not understand the order to "run out and play."

"But who," demanded Philip tearfully at the beginning, "will take *care* of me?"

Things which were once merely pretty symbols are acquiring new meaning for him. In the city we used to read little bedtime poems which he accepted indifferently. One of them was Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Good Boy." After his first night's sleep in the country, Philip exclaimed excitedly on wakening, "It's a really-truly then, isn't it, mother?"

"What's a really-truly?" I wondered.

"Those words you used to read me 'bout—'And hear the thrushes singing in the lilacs round the lawn!' "

His eyes were shining.

"—— and I thought it was just a make-believe."

But the dividing line between the really-trulies and the make-believes is growing dimmer here in the country. For Pan stalks our woods and many things we once thought unreal are fast becoming the eternal verities. The dog barks at his own shadow in the lake. Are we less deluded by the passing shadows of those ephemeral things which we have been taught to regard as truth?

We rush about the world worshipping effects instead of causes. Cities are full of effects. It is only in the country that we draw near the Cause. Nature observes a splendid and contagious rhythm. She never hurries her seasons. Spring follows winter and is no more important, despite its outward glory, than the stern relentless rigor of ice and snow.

Some of the rhythm gets into the blood of a boy just as it flows in the veins of Nature's dumb animals. Pretensions slip away. He ceases to place a false valuation on himself.

"See that little ant," says Philip, sitting on the kitchen steps in the sun and banging his heels. "He doesn't even notice me. I'll bet he thinks he's as 'portant as I am." Then, on second thought—"Maybe he is!"

MY SON is not bored with life. He never walks. He runs. He greets the morning with a handspring. He turns somersaults on the lawn before breakfast. Frequently he stands in front of the house and emits blood curdling noises. They are the shrieks and bellows of pure physical exuberance. He dashes from wood-pile to lily pond, from chicken run to scarecrow, distracted by the multiple opportunities the country offers a boy for the use of his hands, feet, eyes and for his lung power.

There are so many important questions to decide. Shall he plant peas or beans in the vacant spot in his garden? Is it ever going to rain? His tomato plants look dusty. The weather, so unimportant to city folk, has become more than just an emergency subject of conversation.

"Look, mother," he says, watering his row of corn stalks, "they're taking thirsty drinks. They can't walk or talk but they look sort of alive. Mother—" with all the force of a new discovery—"I really believe they *are* alive. Like me, only in a different way!"

Milk, for Philip, is no longer something that comes in bottles on early morning door-steps. It is a miracle, a mystery, a chemical reaction. For he has seen the cows milked, watched the warm foam go zinging into the pails.

"Funny," he muses. "It's white. But the cow makes it out of green grass."

PENNIES are not things that grow in banks or mother's pocket book. He earns them himself, with all the dignity of a hired man, pulling weeds, feeding chickens and carrying wood.

Bread does not sprout on grocer's shelves. A boy who has watched wheat ripen in the sun and fall in the Autumn to the reaper, knows better than that. Bread, to Philip, will always be the fruit of hard labor; it will symbolize the harvest of the man who works with his hands.

So-called "facts of life," in the country, are not terrifying, forbidden mysteries. Nor are they things to be learned from the ugly conversation of back-yard playmates. A lad who has seen old Bossy heavy with young and been on hand to welcome her spindly-legged calf, takes birth and reproduction as wholesome matters-of-course. For him they are never likely to become merely subject matter for smutty stories!

So we have brought our boy to the country at least for a year—we hope for the rest of our lives. Successful education is more than the acquiring of a certain amount of empirical knowledge. It is the happiest possible adjustment of one's self to the whole of life and that makes a heavy demand on hearts as well as heads. Tuition is a strong weapon in the hands of the man who realizes that it has its limitations. But intuition is mightier still. It is Nature, God, call it what you will, speaking in the soul of man or child and prompting him to the essential rightness of the rose, the star, the vagrant summer breeze.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Recent Market—Bull or Bear?

By CARLTON A. SHIVELY

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Beginning with this issue this page will be contributed by Mr. Shively, who reports on Wall Street for the New York Sun

WHETHER HE HAD ever bought or sold a share of stock in his life, Mr. Average Man was aware that the stock market conducted on the New York Stock Exchange slumped rather badly last spring. If he owned stocks he needed no other evidence than that which came to him in computing the apparent value of his assets on the basis of the lower prices. If he was a margin trader he may have been reminded of the real meaning of a market break by a request for more money to protect his account. If his margin was still ample, his debit balance likely rose, his interest charges increased, and certainly the paper profits which he had come to regard as real either vanished or shrank alarmingly.

People who have taken it for granted that we have been having a dull market this summer probably would be surprised to learn that up to a month or so ago a larger number of stocks which are bought and sold daily on the New York Stock Exchange declined than advanced since the first of the year. Moreover, the total number of points gained was less than the total number of points lost. The record for the summer months alone is somewhat better, but on its face it gives some justification for the assertions that the stock market has in reality been going through a bear movement for the past three months.

Had any one bought one share each of the 1200 odd stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange around the first of the year he would find himself a loser, if some recently published figures of statistical services are to be believed. One statistician points out that 614 stocks on the Exchange list have declined from their early year levels, although the 40 active "leaders" show an average gain of 80 points, or 42 per cent.

Another statistician estimates that between May 27, when the spring recession touched bottom, and the last week in July, the stock market as measured by a weighted "average" of prices for 90 stocks selected as representative of virtually every industrial, commercial, trade, transportation and amusement activity of the entire country and nearly every part of the world, advanced 36 points (dollars per share), or around 18 per cent. On the two days chosen for the comparison 619 shares were traded in on the New York Stock Exchange, but in the two months period only 150 reached new high levels for the year. In the same period 178 lost ground, while 277 made some progress and 14 showed no change in price.

Last month did something to improve the record. The same list of stocks rose approximately 60 points from late May to early September, placing the average price level at a new high record. The average price appreciation was one and one-quarter points, or $1.25 a share a day for each trading day in June, July and August, the months formerly regarded as the slowest of the year for the stock market. Now, a dollar and a quarter a day will enable a margin trader to disregard even 15 per cent call money and to be wholly oblivious of dividend payments. The average stock sells for less than 100 a share, so that a 60 point gain means in many cases doubling of capital where the shares are owned outright, and perhaps quadrupling actual capital of the margin trader.

Price advances in individual stocks have been even more spectacular than the "averages" indicate, for the stocks which are the best known to the rank and file of investors and speculators alike and which are the recognized market leaders have risen in a manner which would have been almost unbelievable a year or so ago.

But that is only part of the story. The statisticians tell us that on May 27, when the average price index was at its low point for the year, 516 separate issues appeared on the Stock Exchange ticker tape. Of that number 366 advanced in the past three months and 150 declined. That means the odds were only about 5 to 3 that a trader, picking stocks blindly, would have made money had he bought on that day and held on. Such a well established stock as General Motors, for instance, the stock which made many a fortune in Wall Street in the past three or four years, was much of the time selling below its May price and even at the end of August showed little or no advance. One doesn't need to talk to many traders in Wall Street to discover that the summer hasn't meant much in the way of stock market profit. Most of the big gains have been made by powerful investment trusts and a few individuals.

Those who would "talk down" the bull market when the more obvious part of the record is against them have eagerly seized upon the figures of stocks which have declined and of stocks which have gone up. They contend that in reality we have been having a bear market.

On the other hand, they neglect to state that the various statistics on numbers of stocks which have gone up and down fail to differentiate between common stocks and preferred stocks. Preferred stocks, as every one knows, are out of favor, and all except those with convertible privileges have gone down this year, the same as bonds. Preferred stocks make up close to 30 per cent of the daily list of stocks traded in on the New York Stock Exchange.

Much depends on how one defines his terms. If it be remembered that a bull market does not and never has meant advancing prices for all stocks, the matter looks much simpler. Many issues are climbing to higher levels or sinking to greater depths simultaneously.

The only real difference between a bull and a bear market is that the active stocks, usually not more than a score, are forging ahead in the former and are declining in the latter, although, of course, with frequent temporary changes of course in both cases. In spite of the fact that the movements of the leaders have not been followed by all stocks, there is no escaping the conclusion that we have been witnessing the most remarkable bull markets in history.

Expressed by percentages the price advance has been less sensational than the price averages indicate. Computations just published show that at the end of last month representative industrial stocks had risen only 6½ per cent above the early July high levels; utility stocks had risen 8½ per cent, and railroad shares were about 3 per cent. That is a far different picture from the one painted by the "averages."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Masters of Prose

Gardens of This World. By HENRY B. FULLER: Knopf. $2.50. And *The School for Wives.* By ANDRE GIDE. Translated by DOROTHY BUSSEY: Knopf. $2. Both published this week.

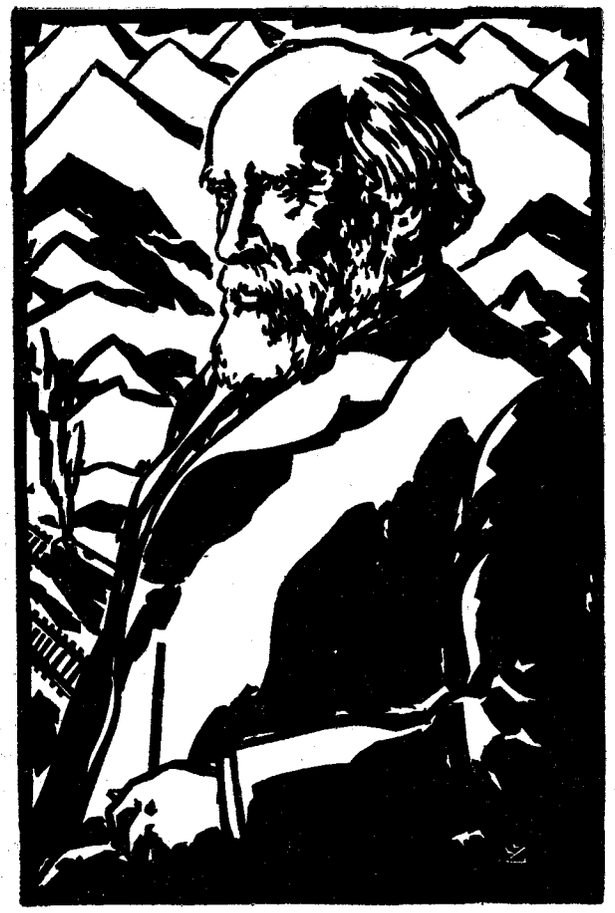
ALTHOUGH DREISER is said to have acknowledged a debt of gratitude to the work of Henry B. Fuller, the reader who knows only *The Chevalier of Pensieri Vani* and now reads only this new book of lovely title, will be at a loss to trace the connection between the elephant who moves an enormous foot and leaves of his enemy only a paste of powder and blood and the dangerous exquisite whose antagonists do not know they have been touched by his rapier until they feel the ominous trickle of internal bleeding. But Fuller's work was divided in subject between the Yellow Book school of writing, represented here typically by himself and Harland and Venable, and the particular realistic school of which Frank Norris and David Graham Philips are the most familiar representatives. To find Dreiser's master, if such he was, one must look to the Fuller of the Chicago novels. For from the author of *Gardens of This World* and the other novels in which the Knight of Idle Speculations appears contemporary realists have learned nothing.

It is not dazzling sword-play of wit which distinguishes *Gardens of This World,* but the perfect calculation of superb and unostentatious craftsmanship. It is not a novel at all but a series of sketches involving three old gentlemen, in which foreign scenes are beheld briefly, characterizations are made in quick and deceptively gentle phrase, and experience suffered without pain is presented with agreeable malice: and all in a style so supple that the reader can pat and play with it to suit himself.

Henry B. Fuller died a few weeks ago, an old gentleman little noticed by the professional literary world of our day. The publisher of his last book, notable for his introduction of foreign writers to American readers, was, himself, but tardily introduced to Fuller, and evidently believed that other Americans were equally unfortunate when he wrote the ingenuous introduction which appears on the jacket of *Gardens of This World.*

Gide is another writer, and obviously a far greater writer, brilliantly able to turn from one manner to another. (It should be understood that *manner,* here, is not used in the sense of affectation.) From the preciosity of the *Pastoral Symphony,* even to a lesser degree of *The Counterfeiters,* he turns upon occasion to the severe chaste Protestant style of *Straight in the Gate* and of the *School for Wives.* This noteworthy book, which can be read in an hour, is remarkable as a literary tour de force, as a character study of truly Gallic subtlety, and as the exposition of an obscure moral problem involving no overt act. As a triumph of literary skill, the presentation of a complicated story of disillusionment by the medium of a diary kept by a guileless woman is striking. And how masterly is the study of character; the exposure, in the first half of the book, of the young fiancé as a fraud through the adoring words of the unconscious girl, and, in the second half, of the husband, by the words of same girl, now made by experience bitterly critical of others' characters but still blind to her own. The moral problem involved is the problem of the shaken idealist silently opposing her stern creed to the creed which teaches that virtues desired may be assumed, and which the idealist too easily dismisses as one of hypocrisy and opportunism. Gide is the greatest novelist of the day in his approach to such subtle problems of judgment and responsibility. It was perhaps to be expected that that approach would be too oblique to satisfy American readers. On the grounds of his masterly prose, however, one may hope that he will soon be widely read here.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.



JAMES J. HILL, "THE EMPIRE BUILDER"
Woodcut by Zadig from "A History of the American Nation" by Wellis Mason West (Ronald Press)

The Week's Reading

Borgia. By ZONA GALE: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MISS GALE has written again with that delicate certainty which is her peculiar distinction. She is an author who merits the adjective feminine in its least derogatory implications, for she has in high degree those qualities which traditionally are credited to women, insight, intuition and spiritual fineness. In her new novel she has chosen a theme of the type beloved by Henry James—an entirely mental, not to say psychopathic conflict, beneath the surface of an apparently calm and well-ordered life. We are introduced to Marfa Mansfield, a lovely young girl for whom life seems to offer nothing in the way of melodrama, but just there is the key to Marfa's psychosis. A very wise older man, who loves her, tells her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she has to develop "a sense of guilt to get any kick out of life." Her sister less politely tells her she thinks too much about herself. A series of coincidences, involving tragedy for her closest friends, is Marfa's excuse for a morbid, half remorseful but wholly egocentric conviction that she is an agent of evil, possibly the tool of some supernatural force, a being destined to terrible isolation through possession of a baleful quality like the Evil Eye. Marfa loves to think of herself as a modern Lucrezia Borgia. At first she hugs the idea to her soul in secret, but her vanity feeds upon her obsession until it becomes a boast and she resents efforts of her friends to convince her that she is really a normal "nice girl." Miss Gale depicts this unwholesome but credible mental state with uncanny skill. If the "happy ending" with which she untangles Marfa's strangely knotted destiny seems a trifle banal, it is only because life, having no climaxes and no form, is so often banal, to the discouragement of the dramatic. For that life is to blame, and not Miss Gale! She knows the monotony of her Middle Western background and the ingrowing lives of small communities. She interprets the inarticulate and repressed with the sympathy and truth of a fine and sensitive artistic instinct.

MARY SHIRLEY.

Stranger Fidelities. By MATHILDE EIKER: Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. Published this week.

MATHILDE EIKER'S experience in writing three novels which have been well received has been a most fortunate one for her art. In *Stranger Fidelities* she has not only dared or learned to strip her excellent story and firm characterizations down to essentials and to say what she has to say with firm—but not mean—economy, but she has also permitted a mellow humanity to warm her work. In Marie-Hélène, the French heroine of her new novel, she adds to her feminine portraits an interesting study of a Frenchwoman thoroughly understood by her American creator. The fidelities of Marie-Hélène, who marries a domineering, kindly colonel in order to follow to America the soldier lover, are not strange. Nor are those of the American lover. To American readers, the Frenchwoman's clear conception of the loyalties of marriage and of love will appear as stalwart insurance against the emotional conflicts, suppressions of tragic scandals which confuse American marriage, while her lover's fidelities to career and family, if a little too easily accommodated in the scheme of Mrs. Eiker's plot, will seem to have been made possible only by the fact that Marie-Hélène is French. Details of human relations are skilfully managed in *Stranger Fidelities,* as are minor characterizations, important to the development of the major characters.

Money for Love. By JOSEPHINE HERBST: Coward McCann. $2.50.

FAR BE IT from us to decry the use of the vernacular in literature. Colloquialisms and slang become idioms. So languages are made. Any one has a right to take his own private linguistic hammer and have a whack at shaping the language of our nation. A few writers have caught the elusive quality of American and enriched their work immeasurably. But the speech of the common people is not always colorful or symbolic. Frequently it is just common. An example of drab and dull language is found in *Money for Love.* The heroine, after failing on the stage, blackmails her former lover into giving her a considerable sum of money, with which she bribes another man to marry her. Only a fine ironic writer could invest such a story with interest or dignity. Josephine Herbst has written a commonplace novel in a consistently commonplace style.

The Meddlers. By JONATHAN LEONARD: The Viking Press. $2.50.

THE MEDDLERS is not the kind of book that will be widely read or widely appreciated. Like Mr. Leonard's first novel *Back to Stay* this one will receive the occasional benediction of a Gorham B. Munson and a Conrad Aiken. Despite that, we believe that those people for whom the novel is something more than an evening's pastime will accept *The Meddlers* as the perfect example of a new and remarkable technique destined to influence the course of novel writing as ineluctably as *Swann's Way* by Proust or the *Romans* of André Gide. We know of no book of fiction written by an American during our generation which is so laudibly a product of the finest fruits of contemporaneity.

The dry analytical prose: the simple objective method employed to weave character upon the web of incident: the technical dexterity with which the extremely intricate plot of *The Meddlers* is managed; the scope, the ethical implications and the architechtonic structure, we could go on enumerating the attributes of this extraordinary novel.

When Mr. Leonard writes that "culture is out of fashion with the educated, and industry out of fashion with the laborers," he is striking at the matrix of our social, economic and aesthetic bewilderment. "Was it possible," asks the author sardonically, "for a country to be swarming with Uplifters and remain a country in which an independent citizen, touched by humanism, would not be ashamed to live?" Carolus Elston, the red-haired Prometheus of this novel, answers this query by sending a bullet through his brain. In his lonely room at an American University he played his *cor de chasse,* studied the map of Abys-

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

They Stooped to Folly, by Ellen Glasgow: Doubleday, Doran. A comedy of changing fashions in morality, admirably written with fine balance and icy wit. Reviewed August 7th.

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated from the German by A. W. Wheen: Little Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War which shows what the common soldier thinks of it, whatever flag he follows. Reviewed June 5.

The Galaxy, by Susan Ertz: Appleton. The story of an Englishwoman's life, 1860-1925; solid and absorbing. Reviewed August 7th.

Ropers Row, by Warwick Deeping: Knopf. A mechanical, sentimentalized tale of virtue rewarded as illustrated by the life of a medical genius. Reviewed August 7th.

The Dark Journey, by Julien Green: Harpers. A sombre drama of passion and introspection written in limpid prose. Reviewed August 28th.

Non-Fiction

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

The Specialist, by Chic Sale: Specialist Publishing Co. The life story of a specialist in a vital feature of architecture. Funny but pretty long.

George Washington, by Shelby Little: Minton Balch. A biography in the modern manner which endows Washington with a few human failings. Reviewed August 28th.

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. The author analyzes brilliantly the dilemma in which the sensitive intellectual finds himself today and offers a philosophy of life for modern men. Reviewed May 8.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sinia and wrote his plan for the regeneration of humanity. The anomaly of his thinking lies in the fact that although he reviled the formulae of Social Service he himself was the archtype of evangelical Uplifter. He is even more ridiculous than that learned Uplifter, Professor Kleinreinstein, or the lovely Louise Wilberton, simply because he should have known better than to preach an immutable creed at a protean humanity.

To have followed Carolus Elston through the Babel of his intellectuality and to have seen the indelible marks he left on the characters of his associates is an experience that we, as a reader, would have been sorry to miss.

E. M. Benson.

Nerinda. By Norman Douglas: The John Day Co. $2.50. Published this week.

The polished elegance of style and the rich fluid descriptive writing familiar to readers of *Old Calabria* and *South Wind* are to be found in Nerinda, but the irony and sardonic mockery which one expects in a book by Norman Douglas are lacking. *Nerinda* is said to have been written thirty years ago when its author was, by his own confession "easy to please." On the grounds of fine writing, no book of Norman Douglas's is negligible, and *Nerinda* has the further merit of being a good, brief tale in which, by through the lines of his diary, a youth is seen under the onrush of insanity. The action rises rapidly through suspense to ghastly climax, and the setting is an original and highly satisfactory one.

The Red Napoleon. By Floyd Gibbons: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. $2.50.

With the terse breeziness of the veteran war correspondent that he is, Mr. Floyd Gibbons anticipates the next war in *The Red Napoleon*—it appeared serially in *Liberty*—not as an international struggle but as an interracial conflict in which the entire civilized and the uncivilized world take part. He creates a mirthless and ruthless Tartar-Mongol, Karakhan of Kazan, who, as the Dictator of Red Russia in 1932, sweeps across central Europe, annihilates the French, British and Belgian armies, instigates a successful revolution in England and in the Reign of Terror that follows ingeniously moves his forces across the Atlantic and devastates our continent. He is ultimately defeated and sent into exile. He spends the rest of his life preaching human equality to a mocking audience.

Mr. Gibbons is a military tactician and he knows how to clothe a good yarn so effectively in local color that we sometimes follow his tin soldiers breathlessly. But his prophecy has so large an element of incredulity about it that for the most part we are laughing up our sleeves.

E. M. Benson.

Marlborough: The Portrait of a Conqueror. By Donald Barr Chidsey. John Day. $3.50.

The story of Marlborough's military feats is neither unknown nor unimpressive when retold. Adequately the present biographer describes the march to the Danube, the battle of Blenheim, the seige of Lille. In these moments the greatness of the famous English Duke is apparent. But Mr. Chidsey is much less concerned with his subject's one aspect of genius than with his many talents; these include dancing, loving, horsemanship—and perhaps more important, wonderful skill as politician, diplomat, and traitor. His personality as revealed in this volume can best be suggested by the fact that he was "as brilliant a liar as he was soldier." And good liars were in demand during the period of the Restoration.

Superimposed qualities of popularity, in the form of conversational comments by the author, detract a little from the value of this quite impartial study. However, it must be admitted that such a court as that of Charles II with its delightful moral and unmoral relationships would tempt any writer with a sense of humor. An understanding of late Seventeenth and early Eighteenth Century society is requisite to an appreciation of the author's informal report on his careful research. At least that is true of the first half of the book when political events and social situations come tumbling down helter-skelter from every page.

Later Mr. Chidsey sets himself to his task of portraiture. Marlborough finally resolves into "an astounding piece of mechanism;" and his fascinating wife, who had wit, an uncontrollable temper, and a passion for intrigue, is pictured as the electrical current that drove the conqueror. In the Duke's own make-up there was no *restlessness;* fortunately there was an abundance of it in his wife's personality.

J. Dana Tasker.

Life's Ebb and Flow. By Frances, Countess of Warwick: William Morrow and Company. $5.

Thirty odd years of English history are casually reviewed in this fascinating book of personal reminiscences. Here is found in decidedly informal moments practically every person who has achieved prominence during that period of England's (and Europe's) recent political and social life: Balfour is seen teaching Asquith to ride a bicycle; Gladstone, soothing Lord Salisbury's toothache; Disraeli, at a famous performance of "Romeo and Juliet;" Rodin, in his nightcap drinking *tisane* to dispel his fear of a Mediterranean storm; Queen Victoria, "at home" and Lady Warwick herself as an active member of the Socialist Party. . . .

Besides providing much valuable information for future writers of intimate biographies, Lady Warwick has delightfully sketched her own varied career. As a great-grandmother, she looks back upon a pageant that "delighted me as I lived through it, and that holds charm for me in memory—wonderful, vivid, amazing years."

J. Dana Tasker.

Science and The Unseen World, by A. S. Eddington (Macmillan, $1.25), the lecture delivered before the Society of Friends, in London, last spring, is published in book form this week, and will be reviewed later by the Reverend Edmund B. Chaffee.

Picked at Random

By Walter R. Brooks

Harry Leon Wilson's Lone Tree Cosmopolitan

God had meant Ben Carcross to be a cowman; he was an oil man by accident. But the oil had brought him a lot of money, on the strength of which his wife and her family stepped out for foreign shores. How the family went cultured in Paris, returned to find Ben in a New York hospital recovering from an opera-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, and having built a chateau in the cow town of Branlock, tried to spread some of their culture on Ben, makes extraordinarily good reading. But Ben knew "he'd never be style-conscious—only cow-conscious," so he stole a baby, two nurses, a professor and an aviator, all of whom he had become acquainted with in the hospital, and went back to his ranch. Subsequent developments are what we would expect from Mr. Wilson—not as riotously funny perhaps as some of his former books, but there's at least one laugh on every page.

Herbert Gorman's The Incredible Marquis Farrar & Rinehart

It is impossible to give you in the space allowed us an idea of the wealth of anecdote with which this story of the life of Alexandre Dumas is told. It is not a dry critical study. It is a readable, immensely colorful history of a man whose life was as huge, as rich and as romantically vivid as his work, by which latter he is chiefly known. His name is on the title page of some 1200 volumes.

But he himself was as picturesque as any of the characters in his stories, and he lived as voluminously as he wrote. We have seldom read as entertaining a biography.

Wall Street Branches Out

(Continued from Page 89)

huge buying orders into the maelstrom. The weaklings then took heart. Such influence, such terrific resources in constant reserve, have given the market an internal buoyancy it never possessed in the old days.

Since everybody in Wall Street is intent upon making money, they all seem to have hit upon the happy solution of keeping Mr. Calvin Coolidge's Bull Market on the hustle. Verily, it is a weird business.

One wonders whether such things can continue indefinitely. But why bother. As I crossed Broadway the other day, at the foot of Wall, I observed, with a queer sense of heartening, the push cart peddler there. Surely, I thought, here is a man who produces himself, to whom vicariously earned wealth means nothing.

Moving closer, I saw that his nose was buried in the financial pages of a newspaper. His pears were piled golden in his cart. But he had no eyes for them.

He was dreaming of another fruit, probably, a melon which would soon be ripe for the cutting.

Politics vs. Economics

As Discussed in Recent Books

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ONE OF THE commonest of social misconceptions is the notion that politics and economics are separate. The plea to "take the Tariff out of politics" is an apt illustration of the mentality which believes that by applying distinct words to two aspects of a single process you can put asunder what the human race has joined together. Politics is the art, science or practice—call it what you will—of managing human beings; economics the method of satisfying their material wants. Sometimes the needs of a nation run counter to economic "logic;" sometimes the habits of merchandise can control the destiny of a State; always the two move together. People must be clothed, housed, warmed, fed and transported upon their lawful occasions; economics were made for man, not man for economics.

At the tail-end of a thin summer for political reading, a group of books serves to illustrate the endless tussle between the desire of political groups to attain their ends in one way, the inertia of economic materials, which keeps them going in another, and the necessary convergence between the two great branches of wealth—humanity and the things humanity consumes. Such, for example, is the book on *The St. Lawrence Navigation and Power Project* by Harold G. Moulton, Charles S. Morgan, and Adah L. Lee (The Institute of Economics of the Brookings Institute. $4.).

The St. Lawrence deep waterway is a political project advanced because the farmers of the American Middle West and the Canadian prairie provinces conceive that it will reduce the freight rates on grain from the lake ports to the North European markets. The conception is that by dredging, canalization and development of hydro-electric power an enterprise costing, according to Messrs. Moulton, Morgan and Lee, about one billion dollars can pay for itself in reduced freights and sale of power. Against the project are arrayed, politically, the many powerful local interests of New York City and Montreal, the railroads and existing power companies. The Institute of Economics has analyzed the enterprise and has found it wanting, unsound economically and deplorable politically in that it would tax the community eleven cents to save the farmer four cents freight on a bushel of wheat.

Behind and beyond this view is involved the struggle between Canada's desire to maintain East-West transportation as economic symptom of political independence, and the "logical" economic tug towards North-South transportation through the States, to make Canada an "adjunct" of the United States—as ex-President Taft's luckless phrase had it in 1911. Whether the American farmers are a political factor sufficiently powerful to overcome the vested transportation and transhipment interests in order to compel the American Government to spend hundreds of millions on a system which will give the lion's share of the power developed to Canada and which will perpetuate an "illogical" economic system for the benefit of Canadian policy, is a question which the authors of the study suggest but do not consider. They are content—and very naturally so—with having planted a large petard under one of the pet projects of an economically-minded Administration. Their analysis is unusually candid, forceful and clear and is worth the attention of all those who believe in scrutinizing carefully the economic professions of political organisms.

Of quite another order is the objective study of *Raw Materials of Industrialism* (Crowell. $3.75) by Hugh B. Killough and Lucy W. Killough. This is one of the few compact and competent works on a subject which has been shown by the "Oil War" and the "Rubber War" of recent years to be of primary importance to political society. The joint authors of this compendious volume have been content to state how much raw materials there are, where they are found, how they are handled and what are their uses. As an illustration of the catholicity of *Raw Materials of Industrialism*, the book contains a pregnant chapter on Population and Food Supply, as well as on textile fibers, forest products, minerals, fuel and power. The result is an excellent introduction to that entire subject of raw materials which is perplexing banks and chanceries throughout the world.

At the opposite end of the scale is *The Memoirs of Raymond Poincaré, Volume III (August 1914-December 1914)*, translated and adapted by Sir George Arthur (Doubleday, Doran. $5.). While it has been written with the object of showing how perfectly consistent and far-seeing the War-time President of the French Republic and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its recent Premier was in the hectic period of 1914, it is chiefly important, in the present connection, in its portrayal of the non-economic politician. M. Poincaré is a politician to his fingertips, a statesman, a diplomat, a stylist, a logician, but he is not an economist. It was Poincaré who nearly wrecked European reconstruction by ordering the occupation of the Ruhr in 1923. This book reveals him at his political best, sanguine, sagacious, closely in touch with the diplomatic situation, balancing the conflicting personalities of French party politics, during the days when the Germans were hammering at the gates of Paris and it seemed as though 1914 was to be a reproduction of 1871. Not for ten years was M. Poincaré to reveal to the world his absolute indifference to the economic interest of Europe as a whole, provided Germany could be made to pay France reparations. This is no indictment of M. Poincaré; it is simply an illustration of the fact that politics rules and is superior to economics; just as the aftermath of the Ruhr—the Dawes Plan and the Young Plan—was to show that politics cannot get on without economics. The 1914 Memoirs paint the portrait of a consummate politician and of a man to whom economic considerations were insignificant. The French are the most logical of nations; the segregation of economics from politics is indigenous to France; these Memoirs distil what the scientists would term a pure "culture" of politics—they suggest that the explanation of the post-War economic policies of France lies in the French political tradition which intrusts the destinies of the nation to men of the stamp of M. Poincaré, distinguished gentleman to whom the German Army meant more than the German coal supply, and to whom German gold meant more than German prosperity, whereas all were part of a whole of which France herself was a part. It is, perhaps, significant that the War which revealed the economic interdependence of mankind was brought on and conducted by gentlemen who believed in the political independence of the sovereign State.

We now know that no nation can be regarded as independent so long as the people who compose it must rely upon the products of the people of other nations for their well-being and their livelihood. The task of the Twentieth Century is to find the balance between political particularism and economic internationalism. And it is politics which leads the way. For it should not be forgotten that the nation which occupied

(Please Turn to Page 120)

"food fallacies"

SOME people believe cucumbers need a special preparation to draw out poison; others think egg plant must be pared, sliced, and allowed to stand several hours under a heavy weight so the poison will ooze out before it is fried; and many believe that food which remains in the tin after it is opened will surely be poisoned. But food prejudices are being overcome to the extent that bananas, once thought indigestible, are now considered good food, when ripe, even for babies. Laura McLaughlin in "Food Fallacies," appearing in HYGEIA for October, credits scientists with the spread of some of our delusions regarding food, others she lays at the door of people who have had something to sell. Other articles in October HYGEIA include—

Wanted: a Formula for Health

Man's age-long groping for a health formula — a set of sure fire rules that will guarantee him immunity from sickness—is pathetic. Read what H. E. Kleinschmidt, M.D., prescribes to promote not only individual but public health progress in his article, "A Formula for Health."

▲ ▲ ▲

Get Pencils for This One!

A brand new kind of efficiency test — scoring the health department of the home. Do your children have at least three glasses of milk daily? Has the family towel been replaced by individual towels? etc. You won't want to miss this unusual feature.

▲ ▲ ▲

18 Extra Years of Life!

During the last fifty years, an average of 18 years have been added to the life of an individual. N. P. Colwell, M.D., tells how increased medical knowledge has resulted in superior methods of treatment in "Modern Care for the Sick and Injured."

▲ ▲ ▲

In Addition

HYGEIA for October is just teeming with good articles on health, of interest to everyone. Besides those mentioned above the October issue will include: "Deafness," "Knapsacking for Health," "Restaurant Inspection," "How Undesirable Immigrants Are Discovered," "The Child's Nurse," "Founders of Our Knowledge of Tuberculosis," part one; "Simple Lessons in Human Anatomy — The Alimentary Canal," "A New Foster Mother," "The Little Old Wish Man," regular departments, etc.

6 MONTHS FOR $1.00

To introduce HYGEIA, the Health Magazine of the American Medical Association as widely as possible, we are making a special introductory offer —6 months for $1.00. The regular subscription price to Hygeia is $3.00 a year, 25c the copy. Take advantage of this special offer NOW!

Use This Coupon

American Medical Association
535 North Dearborn Street
Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1.00 for which send me HYGEIA six months beginning with the October issue.

Name .....

Address.....

Out-9-18-29

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

THE LEADING article of the next issue will be contributed by Johan J. Smertenko whose "The Jew; A Problem For America" recently published in The Outlook and Independent provoked considerable discussion. In "Those Inferior Foreigners" Mr. Smertenko further discusses the problem of the assimilation of foreign races in America and concludes that the process has been arrested. "We are now experiencing," he writes, "a widening of the hyphen which is a distinguishing mark of every American."

WE HAVE SO often been accused of being subsidized by the liquor interests and of publishing propaganda in favor of the return of the saloon that we take pleasure in announcing an article, "Carry Nation Wets," by Edna Yost. Miss Yost, though opposed to the 18th Amendment, thinks that the extreme drinking by certain wets is strengthening the dry cause. This article, which is really a plea for the consideration of sane measures to promote temperance, may possibly convince those of our readers who differ from us on this subject that we have not "sold our birthright for a mess of pottage and wouldn't get the pottage."

A GREAT deal has been written and spoken about the superiority of Southern culture in the days preceding the Civil War. In "No More Swords and Roses" Bert Roller, himself a Southerner, questions the value of the traditional Southern attitude toward life. He does not regret that it has passed and that the South is learning to work. Mr. Roller is an instructor in the George Peabody College for Teachers.

IN THE SECOND installment of "Stretchers" Frederick A. Pottle describes the progress of Evacuation Hospital No. 8 from Fort Oglethorpe, where its members had been trained, by convoy across the Atlantic and by rail through France, to its ultimate destination just behind the lines.

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

ARTHUR HOPKINS'S first production of the season is not unnaturally awaited with genuine interest by Broadway. Wherefore we journeyed the other evening to see his presentation of Walter Huston in *The Commodore Marries*, a new play by a rather mysterious lady named Kate Parsons. A lusty, salty tale full of the comic spirit—so we were informed it was. And perhaps it is, if you spell it K-o-m-i-c-k, and don't care very much just how you get your lust and salt. For, frankly, we were disappointed. Even more, we were most peculiarly irritated. Fantasy it may be; and not comedy drama, as it is described. But there is something in the emotional content of *The Commodore Marries* that does violence to human nature.

Assuredly, Mr. Hopkins would never have produced it, had he asked a psychologist to read it. Certainly there is precious little humor to be extracted from the picture of a half-insane sea captain being married for his money by a grasping young woman; particularly when the jest is of the variety much in vogue some hundreds of years ago, when the break down of the marriage bed beneath the happy couple inevitably produced a laugh in the pit.

In this instance, Miss Parsons brings down the curtain of her first act on the sailor servants of the Commodore waiting to hear the thud of the hammock upstairs—they have cut all its supports except the last threads—when the Commodore and his bride climb into it. Thud, go the happy couple in the room upstairs—and down comes the curtain on a supposedly amused audience.

Well, such things haven't been funny for a long time. Nor is a forced attempt at using vulgar and picturesque sea-dog language good for much amusement after the first five minutes. As for the plot—

Well, you gather that we didn't like it. We didn't; and if Mr. Hopkins can put it over on the New York critics and public as something unusual, symbolic, salty or anything else attractive, he is a P. T. Barnum of the show business.

Nor is it in any way the fault of the acting. Walter Huston gives a portrait of a half-crazed, simple sea captain that is magnificent. He even infuses with dignity and power, and an astonishing measure of pathos, a part that is emotionally quite false. What indeed can be said for a sea captain who, in order to keep up his dream of the sea, has altered his house on land so that it completely resembles a ship; and then brings to it his bride—with whom presumably he is in love—only to have her man-handled by the three sailors whom he has brought ashore with him to keep vivid his illusion of still being aboard ship? Not very much. Commodore Trunnion elicits very little sympathy, if one considers him a real figure. If one views him as a character of farcical insanity, all meaning is lost. So that in either case he is a total loss as a hero.

In fact, we would say that Miss Parsons has so utterly departed from life in her story, that the unconscious humor with which simple men of the sea are often invested lingers not at all about the figure of Commodore Trunnion. Apparently, she has conceived a kind of vulgarity which never was on land or sea, and because it is alien to woman, she has considered that it must, therefore, be inherent in man. With this illusion in mind, she has drawn her characters not from life, but from the fiction of an eminent vulgarian, T. G. Smollett. The result is a play of twisted characters, totally without reality and, therefore, possessed only of a false humor which doesn't outlast the first act. If this be treason to the Comic Spirit, make the most of it.

Even such melodramatic hokum as *Soldiers and Women* seemed preferable to us after viewing the Parsons' brand of Smollett. All the good old heat and rain of India, where soldiers love fiercely and vain, beautiful women can stand it no longer, and murder does out, and the moral is that all women should do what men want them to—yes, even this, as acted by Violet Heming and A. E. Anson, seemed to us fairly good entertainment.

Soldiers and Women has not a good plot, either. In fact, it might be considered fairly dull in the last act, if it were not for the acting of A. E. Anson as a magnificent general. But its melodramatic hokum is at least based on a proper comprehension of human motives and conduct and merely magnifies them to the point of melodrama. It does not distort them out of all relation to human nature. Here are hate, jealousy, passion and benevolence, all painted in the most glaring colors; but explained by the simple expedient of saying that they are sojourning in India.

Well, we would rather see it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

Talking of Talkies

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, writing in a recent issue of *The New Yorker* admits that the talkies leave him cold and unpalpitating and yearns for the return of the good old silent cinema.

In the theatrical columns of the *New York Times*, J. Brooks Atkinson voices a similar plaint, pointing in particular to the unfocussed expression in the actors' eyes, that shows all too plainly that the actors can't really see Mr. Atkinson sitting in the audience and are therefore not really *en rapport* with him or his fellow onlookers.

Let us reflect for a moment on these comments from two distinguished critics of the spoken drama and attempt to plumb their sorrow. Both imply, or specifically state, that the talkies will ruin the stage and leave in its place a harsh, mechanical monstrosity that can never aspire to be good entertainment.

Both Mr. Woollcott and Mr. Atkinson are devotees of the theatre and, as such, their comparisons are made. No talkie adherent could be so utterly devoted as to deny the undoubted and perhaps irremediable inferiority of the talkies to the stage in nearly every one of their comparable points. Most commentators on the talkies have pleaded frequently with producers that they get as far away from stage limitations and stage procedure as they can possibly do and try to build a technique that shall be a departure instead of a bad imitation.

Granted, then, that thus far the talkies have well merited (and with almost no exceptions) the low moanings of drama lovers. Agreed, for the present, let us be that they suffer by comparison with the stage. What shall we do about it?

According to Mr. Woollcott, we should effect, with all possible haste, a return to the silent drama. The good old silent drama—how Mr. Woollcott mourns its passing.

One visit to a talking picture, says Mr. W., makes him feel like ordering James to harness up the bays and drive to some haven of pictorial silence while Mr. Woollcott, in the back seat of the old barouche, draws his tippet about his shoulders in pleasurable anticipation.

This is all very well—but it is a fact well known to familiars of Alexander Woollcott's that he never sat through a silent picture in his life. He admits that he hates anything new, and states frankly that until the radio came along, he detested the phonograph; that now his tendency is to look back on the phonograph era as "the good old days."

Where, then, does Mr. Woollcott get off as a devotee of the silent drama? Where, by the same token, does J. Brooks Atkinson alight? We don't know Mr. Atkinson's record as a moviegoer, but we'll bet him two tickets to *Journey's End* against one admission to the 42nd St. Flea Circus that he has been too busy, for many years, to go much to the movies.

There are many, many seasonal theatre goers who feel exactly as the Messrs. Woollcott and Atkinson feel. Among them may be counted the writer of these lines. May we be shot on sight, when we next pull into Los Angeles, if any good stage show doesn't give us a far more enjoyable evening than any good talkie. We prefer, with Mr. Atkinson, the flesh and blood presence of the performers and the contracted irises of their eyes as they focus on seat C—6. With Mr. Woollcott, we deplore the soulless mechanism that threatens us drama lovers with its frigid sterility.

But we, like each of these gentlemen, live within a few blocks (or a mere two-hour taxi ride) of that dear Broadway. We can see Leslie Howard and Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt and Katherine Cornell, Philip Merivale and Irene Delroy any time they appear, just as long as we have the $16.50. We don't live in one of the many picturesque outlying trading posts, such as Pittsburgh, Racine or Mobile, where populations of several hundreds of thousands of entertainment-seekers have to content themselves with three or four bum road-shows a year. Where, failing the inclination to thus waste their money, they are forced to—go to the movies.

Steeped in the delights of the Broadway stage, many New Yorkers—and frequent visitors to New York—are in the position of not liking the movies, even when they are good. To these brethren we say—stay away from the movies, both talking and silent. You will find the talking movies better in most respects than the silent movies ever were, but you won't think so. You will be more likely than ever you were to compare them to the stage and you will forget that you never thought the silent movies were so hot, either.

NEW HADDON HALL IS READY

OLD in hostship, new in luxurious rooms and appointments, Haddon Hall is ready. Its sleeping rooms, dining-rooms, sports rooms, sun-rooms, "Sandy Cove," a playroom where the children are safe and happy, its beautiful lounging rooms—all these are ready, down to the last softly shaded light and the tiniest children's toy. And the old friendly spirit that has long made Chalfonte-Haddon Hall famous still prevails.

With the Ocean almost at the doors, wouldn't a few days' visit do you good? Write for literature and rates. Motoramp garage adjoins hotel.

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
ATLANTIC CITY
American and European Plans
Leeds and Lippincott Company

TYPEWRITER ½ Price
World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Royal—also new portables—prices smashed to below half. (Easy terms).
SEND NO MONEY!
All late models completely rebuilt and refinished brand new. *Guaranteed* for ten years. Send no money—big *Free* catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10 day free trial offer. Amazing values—send at once.

Free Trial
International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. G-9, Chicago

COMMANDER BYRD took twelve copies of
30 GAMES OF SOLITAIRE
A Lifetime of Entertainment
All different—60c, dealers or postpaid—or in handsome gift box with playing card design, 75c.
LEWIS—Publisher, 28 Electric Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

SCHOOLS

SCHOOL INFORMATION
FREE Catalogs of all Boarding Schools *and camps* in U. S. Rates. Advice from official inspections. 22d year. State Chartered Free Bureau. Apply
American Schools' Association
2112 Times Bldg., N. Y., or Stevens Bldg., Chicago.

Little "Ads"
The Outlook and Independent Classified columns are carefully guarded and closely read. The circulation of The Outlook and Independent is world-wide.
Its "Wants" Will Fill Yours

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Travel Suggestions

Have you dreamed of lands fringed with blue seas where Queen Climate holds the golden sceptre of sunshine?

Or is it golf courses in perfect setting?

Then, the allure of old Spain in our new land by way of Arizona Trails and Dude Ranches?

Hawaii, Florida, Bermuda?

All of Europe beckons, and Norway and Sweden offer treasure incalculable in historic and magnificent scenic setting.

If it's the Homeland—the National Parks call wonder and awe.

Write us your travel plans. We'll help you with itineraries, facinating literature and all details necessary for preparation.

EVA R. DIXON, Director

Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau

120 East 16th Street
New York City

From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Iron

THE Kentucky mountains had given birth to him and had reared him. Many a time he had told himself that he was like them; rough and ignorant maybe, but no man could lick him. No, nor law either. Nor God Almighty when it came to that.

Yet here he sat behind iron bars, and something was licking him. He couldn't make it out. He had never been one to go fancying things. Only those things that lay before his eyes and could be seen plain, or those things under his feet that could be tramped on, or things to be gripped in his hands; only these were any use to him. God and the law—where did they get him when he was hungry, or had a fight on with a rattlesnake?

All his life he had made corn whisky. He hadn't ever needed the law to tell him how to make it or when to quit. What call had the law to go meddling with a man's business—he made good whisky, didn't he? Strong as hell. That was his business. His son's business, now.

In the beginning his son had fought against it like a wild-cat. He had set himself up against his own father, pretending to know better even when he was a little fellow, and still arguing at it even when he was thrashed to a pulp.

How had he ever come by the boy, anyhow? Always arguing and fancying things. Hankering after jobs no one ever heard mention of. Trying to find out about subjects that were worthless to think about. Wanting to better himself.

Well, his father had bettered him right enough. He had licked it out of the boy, till he guessed he had learned to see things plain. Whipped him till he had passed out, sometimes. Enough to scare a man that didn't know what he was about.

Yes, he'd had to break him and he'd done a good job. He was proud of it. Now the boy had his own still, working at it as though he'd been born to it.

What was ailing him then, here in the jail? He didn't know. The hours spent in his cell, he tried to work it out. Sitting on the edge of the narrow cot, scowling at the damp floor, one hand pulling at the hair on the other hand, he tried to fasten on it.

He discovered it one day by accident. He found himself staring at those iron bars. He stared at them from under a scowl. He moved over to them and doubling a huge fist struck a soft blow. The iron was cold and still. He stretched out his fingers, and gripping the bars began to shake them cautiously. Immovable. They stood there cold and strong and never heeded him. The law. That was the law. Iron bars waiting to lock a man in. For the first time he could see it, plain. At night he lay and thought about it. He would be free again. He would make his whisky—laugh at the law. But the law had found him out before, had been ready to beat him with iron bars that never moved. The cold touch of them was on his hands.

Not since he had been a boy and been whipped had he known what it was to be afraid. He began to think it out slowly. Day followed day. He began to respect the law. Iron bars. To lick him. For his own good.

Well, once he was out of here he would not come back. He would find out what was against the law, and for his own good. He had never had a religious experience. This was his religious experience. But what about his son? He had licked him in order to teach him how to make corn whisky. What was to stop the boy now? He stared at the iron bars and slowly made up his mind.

When he had done his time the reformed prisoner made a demand of the law. In company with the sheriff he turned again towards the protecting mountains that he had once likened to himself. The way was long and rough. The very trees seemed to lean and push against the progress of these two. Nevertheless through perseverance, they came finally upon the guilty still, hidden fast behind secret crags.

The startled boy, full-grown now and about to come of age, stepped out and faced his father—turned to stare at the sheriff, and threw his head back like a defiant creature, trapped. The father laid a hand upon his son's arm and spoke in the uplifted voice of the converted:

"It's the only way, son," he admonished earnestly, "it's the best thing to do."

"What you talking about?" burst from the boy. "Who you brought along?"

"You better take him, Sheriff," said the reformed moonshiner. "Jail him, and let the law teach him a lesson. For his own good."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But as he had behaved when he was a little boy, so the young man acted now. Throwing off his father's hand from his arm, and with his head still raised, he shouted:

"First you beat me into it—then you turn on me! It's not enongh to make me a moonshiner—you must have me a jailbird—"

"Now, no ugly talk, young fellow," said the sheriff, stepping forward to fulfill his duty. "The law's the law." But as the new prisoner turned blindly towards the trail that stretched downward, the gaping ravines caught his voice and flung it upwards in despair. "My father! My father!"

The Future of Man

(Continued from Page 105)

The evolution of man to his present estate has taken several hundred thousands of years. It was a purely natural phenomenon, or "function," for the larger part of the time. To the natural were gradually added social factors. And to both of these there is gradually being added in the most recent time man's conscious, scientific co-operation, which promises to assume an ever-increasing importance. Man thus is becoming more and more of a co-operator in his own organic and mental progress, or in a sense a co-creator. The limits of possibilities in these lines are unknown and for the present wholly unknowable. All that science can assert is that the way is still open, that man still progresses along it, and that as far as perceptible it leads ever upward, especially in the mental direction.

A thorough general appreciation of all this will at once be a moral factor of great importance. It will be one of the main pillars of future religion.

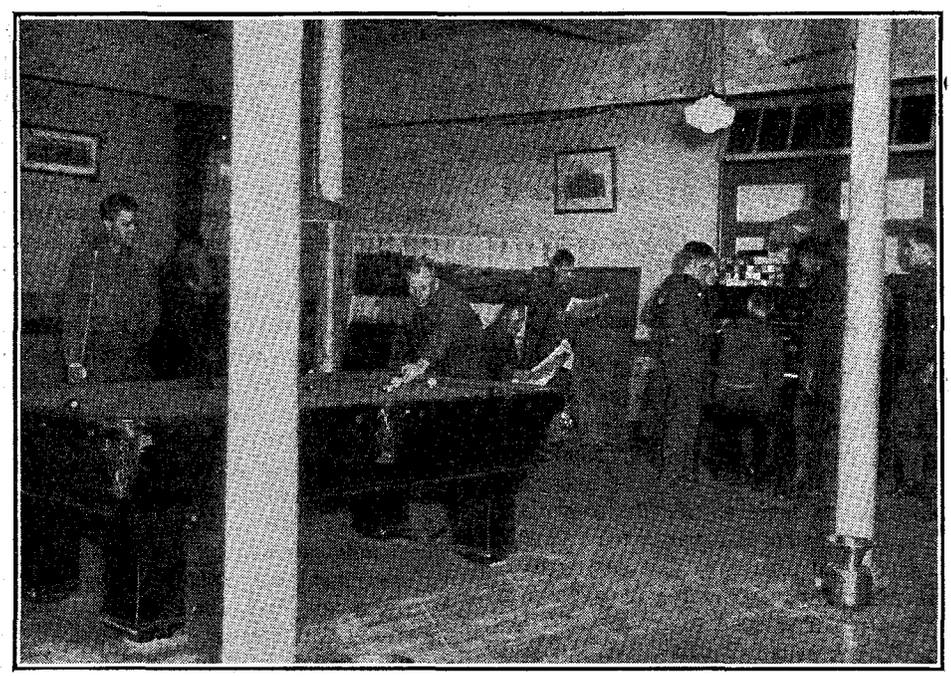
Stretchers

(Continued from Page 96)

and exposure without regaining consciousness. The number of fourteen who collapsed cannot have been greatly exaggerated, but we hope the rumor of death was unfounded. Yet it is certain that more than one man eventually did die from colds and pneumonia acquired that day.

The "Y" is not a military building, and of course cannot be used indefinitely as a dumping place for troops. But for a short space we sit there in the warmth, enduring the agony of thawing ears and toes, utterly crushed and miserable. The Y.M.C.A. secretaries meet the emergency nobly. Again from the prevalent atmosphere of stupidity and brutality we pass into the air of friendliness and cheer and decency. And then we are swept out of it, over to the drill hall, to wait there for the belated boat. The drill hall is not as bad as we expected. It is cheerless and bare and only casually provided with seats, but, thank heaven, it is warm! What are seats? We slump down on the floor and lie half-dozing in utter apathy, aching in the delicious but exquisitely painful warmth, conscious only of what a dreadful thing cold is.

Dinner time, afternoon, supper. Still no boat. If it hadn't been for the Colonel they might have let us stand out there all day. It is time to go to bed, but we can't sleep in the drill hall. Empty barracks are hunted up; there are no cots, but mattresses can be put on the floor—that icy floor, with the wind whistling up through its cracks. We lie down with all our clothes on, hugging one another for warmth. The dawn of Sunday the thirtieth calls us up again, this time at five. Mess, then the inevitable calling over in an empty barrack, then the drill hall again. Today the atmosphere of apathy has somewhat gone. We voice shrill complaints and pour forth the bitterness of our disillusionment in cursing. We are all very near to weeping with misery. Dinner, and still no boat. We have given up all hope of getting away today—of ever getting away. This sort of thing may go on for weeks. They don't know where the boat is. Perhaps there never was any boat. They get us to enlist with sentimental propaganda and then let us die of wanton neglect. We are sick and sad and sore; our ears and toes are frostbitten, and we all have horrible colds. We shall probably all die here. Nobody cares. For the first time in our lives we face blank and utter despair. We are caught and helpless in a machine which threatens our very lives, and there is no way to escape.



International

Recreation room in one of the barracks

Incredible announcement! The boat is really and truly in. At about two in the afternoon we file down to the wharf again, thirty hours after our first appearance there. Another surprise! There is no roll call on the wharf. We are actually hurried aboard with no standing in the cold. The boat is small, and there are nine hundred men in the detachment. We fill every nook and cranny of the interior, jamming the corridors, sitting on every available inch of floor space in the cabins. If the boat should sink, not one in ten of us could fight his way to deck. We don't care much. Anything but freezing to death at Fort Slocum. And as we draw away from that terrible island, each of us knows in his heart that, though the months ahead may hold many bitter and painful experiences, they will contain nothing to match the accumulated and unalleviated horror of Fort Slocum.

(To Be Continued)

Are

"Carry Nation Wets"

strengthening the dry cause?

EDNA YOST says Yes!

Read her article in the next issue

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With Our Readers

"The Consent of the Governed"

Butler, Pennsylvania

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Some years ago I returned from a day's hunting, and before dressing the game, permitted one of my small children, aged probably four or five years, to fondle a squirrel. Several days later she came to me in a perplexed and critical attitude, saying, "Father, you remember that squirrel you gave me?" "Yes." "Did it want to get shot?" "Why, no." Whereupon in a most indignant tone of condemnation she said, "Then you ought not to have shot it. You should have shot a squirrel that wanted to get shot." It would seem that even the mind of a child has a better conception of the fundamental difference between an act of aggression and a transaction that is mutual, than have mature men and women whose minds have been warped by fanaticism.

I am moved to relate this incident because recently the attention of those who favor, as well as those who oppose prohibition, has been focused on the series of articles depicting "The Inside of Prohibition" from the pen of Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt. Purposely or otherwise she fails to discriminate beween acts that are inherently wrong and those that are merely forbidden by statute; neither does she attempt to make a distinction between reciprocal transaction and acts in which there is involved violence, aggression, trespass or the destruction or appropriation of another's property. Such an omission is unfortunate, for it tends to discredit in a measure what Mrs. Willebrandt presumably intended to be a frank discussion of prohibition and the legislation and court decisions relating thereto, as well as the enforcement policy. Instead of clarifying the issue, she has further befogged the mind. Theft, embezzlement, assault, murder and the whole category of crimes and misdemeanors, in which there is an aggressor and a victim, should be contrasted rather than compared with transactions, illegal though they may be, in which there predominates the element of mutuality. The viciousness of the murderer is evidenced by the fact that he kills those who do not want to be killed. The virtue of the bootlegger may be inferred from the fact that he sells only to those who want to buy. Why chide the bootlegger, who supplies as best he can, under serious handicaps, a country-wide demand created in part by some of those who voted for the "five and ten" Jones Law? The bootlegger is not a cause but a result, and the present evils are due primarily to the law makers rather than to the law breakers. True, citizenship carries with it duty to obey the law, but the law maker assumes a far greater and more serious duty when he accepts the responsibility of enacting laws that conform with the well-nigh universal customs and traditions of the people. The bootlegger can be eliminated either by changing human nature or by changing inhuman laws, laws whose extreme measures, forfeitures and tyrannical enforcement hark back to the Middle Ages. Ten years of prohibition have not been sufficient to make the smallest dent in human nature, but on the contrary whenever it finds a point of contact, it irritates and produces a calloused surface.

Not until men want to be murdered by assassins, manhandled by mobs, have their banks looted by embezzlers, their jewelry taken by robbers can we compare the illegal traffic in liquor with offenses that are inherently criminal, nor can we justify similar penalties in both cases. We should always differentiate between what our lawyer friends designate as "malum in se" and "malum prohibitum."

Again, it might be expected from one attempting to discuss the action and reactions of laws to at least condemn less, if not condone, those who attempt to circumvent a law which prohibits completely than those who attempt to defraud the government by smuggling articles that are intended to bear an import duty. Certainly if the importation of diamonds were absolutely prohibited, the professional smuggler of diamonds, as well as the returning tourist, who incidentally secretes a few for his or her personal pleasure or use, would in the popular imagination be more of a hero than a criminal, and future generations would regard him as we regard the members of the historic Boston Tea Party, who resisted an unpopular and in their opinion an unjust law; which opinion, however, did not conform with that of the lawfully constituted authorities. When Mrs. Willebrandt attempts to justify the present severe penalties by comparing the penalties connected with smuggling whisky bottles and smuggling whisky, she neglects to call attention to the fact that the smuggler of bottles defrauds the government of revenue and does not supply a demand that cannot be met by bottles on which duty has been paid or that have been manufactured in this country, while the smuggler of whisky supplies in part a demand that otherwise would be met by more potent and more powerful beverages, made without supervision under unsanitary conditions.

The mere fact that an individual makes huge profits through a reciprocal and agreeable transaction or a series of such transactions in a prohibited commodity does not appeal to a reasonable, rational mind as constituting a high crime, when the use of the commodity is coexistant with civilization and is legitimate merchandise in practically every other country in the world.

Prohibition writers should consider what would happen in case any other large business were suddenly outlawed. Take for example the agriculture and live stock industry, administered as it is by farmers, who as a class would be slow to commit acts of violence, and imagine their attitude if due to some social upheaval or religious frenzy, they would suddenly be deprived of all legal guarantees in the further possession of their corn and cotton, their cattle and chickens. The enacting or abolishing of a law would not suspend the demand for food, neither would it prevent the farmer from resorting to the law of the jungle in his attempt to retain possession of his flocks and fields, and continue to sell his product. One's attitude depends upon whether it is his or the other fellow's ox that is gored.

It is high time that we recognize the fact that the demand for beer and wine, and since prohibition, distilled liquors also, is too great to be suppressed, and that the government should either supply this demand or permit it to be supplied with the best, purest, least toxic alcoholic beverages obtainable.

Prohibition has not only financed the criminals of the underworld, but has greatly increased their numbers and has also corrupted and demoralized our paid guardians, and has left us less secure in the possession of life and property. Furthermore the deep resentment it is daily creating in many loyal citizens augurs nothing but ill for the future when the nation faces any great crisis. It will be most difficult to promote temperance and diminish moral degradation caused by dope and dens of iniquity until we admit the futility of continuing along present lines (which call for more laws, greater penalties and larger penitentiaries) and provide some sensible substitute for our rash and ignoble experiment.

T. W. PHILLIPS, JR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶A Bouquet for Miss Wylie

New York City

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Tho not unappreciative of their value, I am ordinarily not given to written appreciations of magazine articles.

I feel, however, that I must advise you of the pleasure I received from reading I. A. Wylie's article. I have long been an admirer of her books but this article is, to my mind, by far the finest thing she has done.

She has voiced, I venture to say, the thoughts of thousands of others beside myself—the futile endeavors, centuries old, to solve the riddle of Life.

It is a splendid and brave article which she has written. One which will doubtless bring considerable denunciation upon her head, and by the same token countless words of approbation from her fellow "Searchers in the Dark."

Very truly yours,
MARIAN V. BRENNAN

▶▶A Naval Officer Objects

San Diego, California

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I am surprised that your magazine would print such a collection of misinformation and absurd viewpoints as embodied in the article called "What Admirals Think," by Jonathan Mitchell, Outlook, August 7th.

Respectfully,
CHARLES A. BUCHANAN
Lieut. j. g U. S. Navy.

▶▶High Praise

Duncan, Oklahoma

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

According to some of your protesting readers, The Outlook of the Lyman Abbott days must have attained a perfection quite beyond the modern scope. I can't quite agree, for all of my adolescent memories of the old Outlook bring up nothing but complete boredom.

The present venture does very well. I read it from cover to cover, (including the cigarette ads) and often wish it were not so brief. I have enjoyed the biographies of Beethoven and Carry Nation, along with a heap of the shorter contributions. Among the regular things, Ibby Hall's "From the Life" pleases me most. I might throw a few bricks at your book reviewers but why bother?—and I can't quite forgive Mr. Sherwood for his encomiums on *The Broadway Melody*, though I must admit his remarks have saved me much gnashing of teeth over other talkies—if one may assume that the talkies are worth gnashing one's teeth about. The short editorial articles by various prominent persons, when not platitudinous, are sometimes stimulating. I like "The Trend of Events" because it saves me the embarrassment of reading a newspaper.

Really, I am glad I bit on one of your trial subscription offers last winter. Your editorial policy is refreshing, if not unique.

With the best of wishes,
D. A. HOLM

▶▶A Reply to Mr. Fruxal

New Haven, Connecticut

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I read Johan J. Smertenko's article on the Jewish Problem in the issue of the 7th of August and found it fairly accurate. I also read A. E. Fruxal's criticism in the issue of August 28 and, as a student of Jewish Sunday Schools, I would in turn like to correct certain ideas of his.

He suggests that most other immigrants here become assimilated much sooner than Jews. Fully half the children of Jewish immigrants are high school educated and a great number attend colleges. It must be remembered that the mass of the American Jews came here recently. I do not know any German, Spanish, or Dutch Jews whose ancestors came here 75 or 100 years ago who are not thoroughly Americanized.

Mr. Fruxal further suggests that Jews are inclined to be clannish and to look with disfavor upon inter-marriages. The Jews have been forced into becoming clannish because of anti-semitism and snobbishness. The Jewish religion is most lenient in regard to inter-marriage. It is the parent that tries to avoid them. Any parent would prefer to marry their child to one of their own race. There are and have been a number of inter-marriages. German Jewry is fast dwindling because of very frequent mixed marriages. As the Jews have always been a prolific race, what, pray tell; has become of the thousands of Spanish, Dutch and German Jews that came here in the 16th and 17th centuries. Had they not married Gentiles there would be well over a million Jewish descendents now. I know of many prominent Jewish families that have intermarried freely. And as far as the clannish tendencies of the Jews, who could be more clannish than the Catholics? They have parochial schools and Catholic Colleges.

Now I come to the startling error that is the cause of my writing. Mr. Fruxal says that the Jews "proceed on the assumption that they are the chosen people of God. All others are outside of God's care; and are under His curse." The foregoing statement is absurd. An American rabbi would laugh at such an idea. We are taught that our God looks after all creeds and we do not believe that a human could be a God. However, we have always been taught to respect other religions as we would have others respect ours. Our prayer includes requests for "those who live among us" which modernly be those among whom we live. My opinion is that the best possible religion would be strict obeyance of the "Golden Rule" and nothing else.

If Mr. Fruxal thinks our religion old-fashioned let him attend any service at a modern unorthodox temple where visitors of all religions are always welcome, preferably in a large Jewish community, and speak to the rabbi.

Yours truly,
ROBERT J. LAVIETES

▶▶Fine Arts Neglected?

Portland, Maine

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Since you do not seem averse to receiving suggestions as well as "brickbats and bouquets" on the conduct of your letter-provoking periodical, may I make a suggestion that has probably occurred to others among your constant readers also?

It is this: That you include in your columns on the "Leisure Arts" some mention — comment — criticism — what you will—on the more important manifestations of the Fine Arts, especially as they develop in the American art center from which you broadcast?

Surely they are as important a division of the "Leisure Arts" as, for instance, the movies!

Sincerely,
FRED HASTINGS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

COPY for Oct. 23. issue due on or before Oct. 9. Phone Stuyvesant 7874 . . or write
THE OUTLOOK CO.
120 EAST 16th ST. NEW YORK CITY

Rates for Classified Advertisements 60 Cents a Line

Where to Buy or Sell—Where to Travel—How to Travel
Use this Section to Fill Your Wants

Hotels and Resorts

New York

Hotel LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations. Good meals. Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

New York City

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, MANAGER

Hotel Wentworth
59 West 46th St., New York City
The hotel you have been looking for which offers rest, comfortable appointments, thoughtful cuisine. In the heart of theatre and shopping center, just off Fifth Ave. Moderate. Further details, rates, booklets, direct, or Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau.

THE GARDEN SPOT
67 West 44th St. between 5th & 6th Aves.
Luncheon Dinner
Sunday Dinner 12:15 to 8:15

HOTEL BRISTOL
129-135 W. 48th St., N.Y.
Rooms With Bath
Single—$3—$3.50—$4
Double—$5—$6—$7
Evening dinner and Sunday noon . $1.00
Luncheon . . .50
Special Blue Plate Service in Grill Room
for comfort, for convenience to all parts of the metropolis, for its famous dining service come to Hotel Bristol. You'll feel "at home"

Tours and Travels

Major Blake's Tours
England and Continent
Cars of every make for hire. Chauffeur or "Drive your own car" arrangement. Offices in leading cities. Free advice. Personal attention. Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau or
199 Picadilly, London, England

Tours and Travel

EUROPE-1930
STANDARD TOURS FROM $665
VACATION TOURS FROM $340
Cruises, Bermuda, West Indies, Mediterranean, Round the World.
FALL MOTOR TOUR—France, Spain, Italy.
Steamship Tickets
Passion Play Agents
STRATFORD TOURS
452 Fifth Ave., New York

EUROPE SELECT SERVICE 1930
Earn your trip by organizing a small party. Low rates. Liberal terms.
Stratford Tours, 452 Fifth Ave., New York

Real Estate

Connecticut

For Summer or All Year Round
Privacy and the simple life, on sixteen acres ideally situated in the country, close to mountains and lake; eight miles from New Haven and near artists' colony; high ground, extensive view, beautiful trees, bird and game protection; two charming cedar log cabins, with garages, spring water, electricity, bath. Reasonably priced, with land values steadily increasing.
THE CHARLES T. LINCOLN COMPANY, Trust Company Building, New Haven, Connecticut.

Board

WANTED, A BOARDER. Modern improvements. Electric lights, bath and hot water heat. Good home cooking. Pawling, N. Y. 627 Outlook and Independent.

CULTURED college woman, a widow, desires two or three permanent, paying guests. Charming home, all conveniences. Address: Mrs. Susan M. Bennett, North Woodbury, Conn.

Situations Wanted

TUTOR. Dartmouth man, wishes position beginning September. 9178 Outlook and Independent.

Situations Wanted

BY CAPABLE young woman of pleasing personality, some hospital training, successful with children, position as companion to adult or child. Travel or residence. 9209 Outlook and Independent.

PORT—OF CALL. Chaperon or companion on Mediterranean or World Cruise. Experienced traveler, good sailor. Miss H.-S., Box 14 Z, Frankfort, Ky.

CULTURED, experienced woman desires position as Hostess or management of club, or Supervisory Housekeeper. Testimonials and references given. 9213 Outlook and Independent.

EDUCATED, refined widow (50), general health 100%, pleasing personality. Two years hospital training, good reader, wants position in Protestant family, planning to travel. References exchanged. 9214 Outlook and Independent.

AMERICAN, has traveled much. Desires position as traveling companion at home or abroad. References exchanged. M. Helen Russell, 67 Morton Street, New York City.

HOUSEKEEPER—New England woman thoroughly competent to manage home and servants. 9216 Outlook and Independent.

Miscellaneous

BRAINARD LAKE SANITARIUM, Cranbury, N. J.—Has room for a few senile patients. Comfortable home environment. Women only. Trained nurses. Resident physician. Rates moderate.

TO YOUNG women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

Stationery

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

Mart of the Unusual

PLAY CHESS
Get Price List
College Size with instruction book $4.00
FULL CLUB SIZE · TEN DOLLARS
C. H. BIRD · Bethlehem, Conn.

Mart of the Unusual

Harris Tweed Direct from makers Ideal sporting material. Any length cut.
Samples free. Newall, 127 Stornoway, Scotland

Instruction

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work, quick advancement. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite BR-5842, Washington, D. C.

Use Our Classified Columns

Rates and full details for advertising in our Classified Columns sent on request.

EVA R. DIXON
OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT TRAVEL BUREAU
120 East 16th Street
NEW YORK CITY

Politics vs. Economics

(Continued from Page 113)

the Ruhr is now taking the lead in advocating a European economic union, that the politics of M. Poincaré have produced the economics of M. Briand.

What the end will be no one can prophesy. Frederic J. Stimson, in *The Western Way* (Scribner's. $3.50) hazards a guess when he states that the world-aim is to enable man to be as true to himself, as constant, as reliable, as are the stuffs of which he makes his economic environment:

"Great ships are built—only five-eighths of an inch of iron plate or three-eighths of steel plate, thick; yet that keeps out the ocean. If any one of those thousands of iron plates failed to be exactly true to itself in strength, the lives of all on board would be lost in a few moments. And steel—because man-made—is not quite so surely true to itself as iron. But nature must be true, even to cruelty: a certain weight of a chemical, exploded in a cannon, will carry its death-dealing shell every time so that it falls on the spot aimed at. Electricity always responds; the magnet always draws. Gold will not rust, nor iron fail. Man feels himself, and rightly, at the summit of the sensible world; metals, inorganic bodies, unconscious vegetation, even conscious animals, all below him. Yet how many men do we develop as true as iron? (Steel is the common saying; but steel, man-handled, has something of man's imperfection in it.) And when we come up the scale of life, we may not be too proud. Few human beings are as faithful as a dog. Is not the highest moral aim free will can be used for, to become so? Only 'behaviorists' say no. Why is it not even finer for a conscious being to be true to himself, than for a metal?"

JOHN CARTER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now First Published!

A Completely New

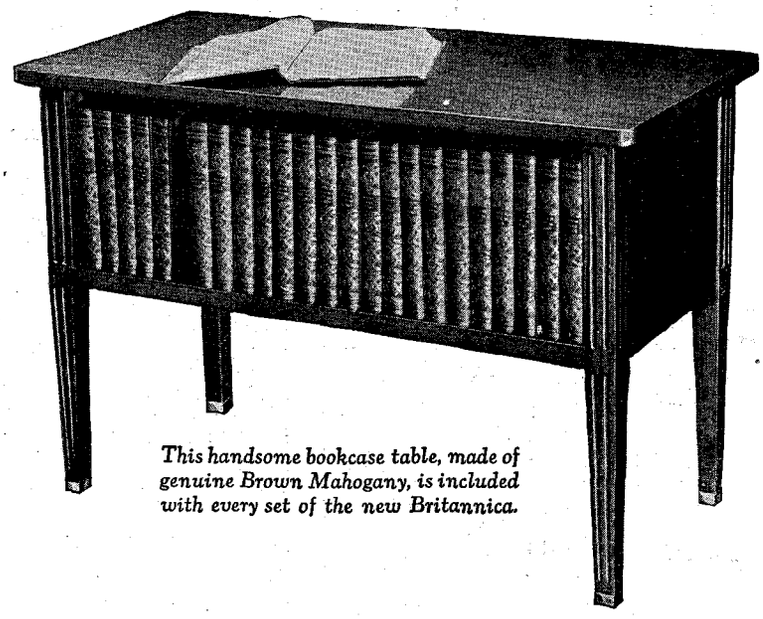
ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA

NEW in plan and purpose—entirely recast from cover to cover—the *new* Fourteenth Edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica is ready. This is the superb "humanized" Britannica which has captured the attention of the whole civilized world.

The Last Word in Encyclopaedia Perfection

Three years of intensive effort—the co-operation of 3,500 of the world's foremost authorities—the expenditure of more than $2,000,000 before a single volume was printed—these are merely a few high lights in the preparation of the *new* Fourteenth Edition.

This *new* Britannica immediately takes its place as the one pre-eminent American work of reference—the last word in encyclopaedia perfection.



This handsome bookcase table, made of genuine Brown Mahogany, is included with every set of the new Britannica.

Never has there been assembled together in one enterprise such a wealth of learning as is represented by the 3,500 builders of this great temple of knowledge. *All* the universities, *all* the learned professions, *all* the great industries, *all* the pastimes have contributed to the mighty sum.

Knowledge for All

It is a law library for the lawyer, a medical digest for the doctor, a universal history for the historian, a commercial university for the business man—and a compendium of all the arts and sciences for the average reader.

Here is "the cosmos between covers." The whole whirling universe is brought within your grasp, obedient to your hand.

Nothing is too profound to baffle it, and nothing too familiar to escape its informing touch. And on every subject it speaks with the same finality and authority.

All the World's Treasures of Art and Illustration

Among the many new features that will astonish and delight everyone who turns these pages is the wealth and beauty of the illustrations. This feature alone marks a tremendous advance. All the world's treasures of art and photography have been laid under tribute to adorn and illuminate the text.

"The most exciting book of 1929," asserts a leading critic, and the whole world is echoing that verdict.

This is a Britannica year! Here is your opportunity to join the thousands who will buy this new edition, now, while it is new — fresh from the presses. You owe it to yourself to learn further details regarding this magnificent series of volumes.

Note these facts

Cost More Than $2,000,000

Over 15,000 Superb Illustrations

Greatest Knowledge Book Ever Produced

Written by 3,500 of the World's Most Eminent Authorities

Remember—this is a new book. Only a small amount of text—material which could not be improved in any way—has been retained from previous editions.

Extremely Low Price

And due to the economies of mass production, the price is extremely low—the lowest in fact at which a completely new edition has been offered for two generations! Easy payments, if desired—a deposit of only $5 brings the complete set with bookcase table to your home.

Send for FREE Booklet

We have just prepared a handsome new 56-page booklet containing numerous color plates, maps, etc., from the new edition and giving full information about it, together with full details of bindings, the present low prices and easy payment plan. We want you to have a copy free and without the slightest obligation.

The demand is great—you should act promptly if you are interested in owning a set of the first printing on the present favorable terms. Just fill in the handy coupon and mail it today.

Mail this Coupon TODAY

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, Inc. Out 9-A1-
342 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Please send me by return mail, without any obligation on my part, your 56-page illustrated booklet describing the *new* Fourteenth Edition of the Britannica together with full information concerning bindings, low price offer and easy terms of payment.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With Our Readers

"The Merest Trifle" Again

Detroit, Michigan

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I do a good deal of cogitating myself and was easily intrigued into reading "The Merest Trifle" by I. A. R. Wylie in The Outlook of September 4, from the introduction of the monkeys to the end of the cogitation.

The writer is evidently overworked. Her cynicism is not natural, but the result of what might very well be called the dream pursuit of an idea such a pursuit as we fall into when our robust waking faculties are held in abeyance by sleep.

We all enjoy life. Miss Wylie does. It is the thought of death that hurts and haunts her *when she pursues it.*

Because life is different from death—diametrically different—and reason superior to destiny, Miss Wylie allows herself to think that the time is coming when, not being able to understand death, we will refuse to live, as a race. Unless we are told "the rules of the game we are asked to play" we'll quit!

We are not asked to play the game. We are a part of the game—having come here, probably, of our own volition, from a lower order of existence. It is for us to discover among ourselves, and if possible improve, the rules of the game. Nothing will ever make death and misfortune other than the undesired things they are, though we may sometime understand them better than we now do. But what of it? What is the nature of mental exercise, in which Miss Wylie delights, but the play of contrasts? Cut out the shading, the dark lines, and what becomes of the picture?

Death is the price of life, and a bargain price at that. Pain saves pleasure from cloying. Disappointment heightens the gratification at hand and in the offing. If we knew all and had all, we would die of inanition.

Miss Wylie's error is in making the physical end of life the crux of reasonableness. She misses the natural distinction, the artistic distinction, between foreground and background. Death is the background—always. It doesn't make the picture; it merely makes the picture possible. The picture is life, rejoicing, aggressive, triumphant life.

Instead of trying to harmonize good and ill with a superintending personality, why not be content to believe the obvious—that good is inherent in nature of things, and evil (as such) invariably accidental? Good, or competent individual organization, indicates purpose or design, either immanent or transcendent, not only as respects individuality, but as respects the grouping of individuals (in family, state, nation). Is it difficult to distinguish the difference between rounded individual or group life, and disease, individual or social? The good proves the divine presence—that is, the presence of a power competent to bring about and to sustain organic life. Evil is the dumb veto of gravitational matter, proving that even the power of God is not magical.

Can Miss Wylie or any one else imagine how there could be good, in the moral sense of the term, without the possibility of evil?

For a student emerging from his university with a stock of knowledge serving to disclose the vast extent of the as yet unknown to commit suicide because of his ignorance, would be as reasonable as for a student of human life and human nature to give up the game of life he is actually enjoying and to refuse to bring other human beings into the world because the metaphysics of his youth do not harmonize with the speculations of his maturer years, or because, like the child he once was, he finds himself unable to ask questions which the wise men of the earth are not able to answer.

Very truly yours,
W. A. TAYLOR

Praise for Miss Wylie

Reading, Pennsylvania

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

It has been my purpose for some time to commend you upon the material you are placing before your subscribers, of whom I regret to claim only a year's standing. Now, with the article, "The Merest Trifle," by I. A. R. Wylie, my indebtedness to you becomes such as I wish to acknowledge without delay. Here is expressed one's most inexpressible conviction, a view of life profoundly true and utterly clear-visioned. By this article alone Miss Wylie establishes claim to the distinction of being perhaps the most civilized woman on earth. I am no less indebted to her than to you for including so thoughtful an article in your magazine.

The Outlook has been proving a constant stimulus. Without by any means accepting your conclusions in every case, I find myself so thoroughly in agreement with your point of view that in fact I am almost afraid to continue reading you. Were your level-headed liberalism more widely known you would already have attracted the most enthusiastic following of any magazine in the country. That it is on its way I have no doubt.

I particularly rejoice in your stand for free speech, free press, and a free theatre. We must be just as insistent that the other fellow, with whom we may violently disagree, may choose for himself, as we for ourselves, which books to print, to import, and to read, and which plays to present and which to attend. Censorship demands to be taken from the hands of officials who habitually read motives in terms of their baseness, and entrusted to an enlightened group capable of discriminating the intelligent and imaginative from that which is obviously coarse.

May The Outlook hasten the day when the administration of our laws will be in the light of the principles enunciated by the founders of our American commonwealth.

Very sincerely,
HENRY MCK. ROTHERMEL

"Another Job for Mr. Hoover"

Detroit, Michigan

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Charles A. Beard's editorial "Another Job for Mr. Hoover" is timely and it is to be hoped that it will bring about prompt governmental action. There is no question but that a thorough investigation and a complete overhauling of the federal farm loan system is needed.

However, I should like to point out a fact which Mr. Beard did not make very clear, that although both the Joint Stock Land Banks and the Federal Land Banks are under the supervision of the Farm Loan Board they are really two distinct systems of banks, sometimes in antagonistic competition with each other. Mismanagement has been rife to a much greater degree in the Joint Stock Land Banks than in the Federal Land Banks and the greater benefits to the farmers have come through the latter. In truth the Joint Stock Land Banks have been of little use to the farmers.

If the federal farm loan system is to be put in such condition that it will be of continuous and permanent benefit to farmers, two essential reforms must be accomplished:

First, the Joint Stock Land Banks must be abolished.

Second, the management and direction of the Federal Land Banks must be taken from political appointees and put into the hands of the stock holders, who are the borrowing farmers. The Federal Land Banks have grown to such huge size their potential power for good or evil is enormous. Hence it is essential that they should be controlled by the agricultural industry, the industry which alone is vitally affected by their actions.

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM BREWSTER TABER, JR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED